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"THE CHARITY PATIENT."

This is the latest and one of the most beautiful of those groups of statuary for which Mr. Rogers is so justly celebrated. The atmosphere about this little group almost glows with human love and melts with human pity. There are no violent contrasts presented to the eye; the charity which is here figured is not that of Wealth coldly stooping down to abject Poverty; it is that charity which lifts up its object reverently into the light and warmth of its own love. Thus the features of the group are made to blend together into one feeling. The Doctor's pity is lost in loving sympathy; and the poverty of the Mother and Child also is disguised by their participation in this exaltation of love. We have never seen a happier artistic representation of Christian charity.

OUR FIRE DEPARTMENT.

A year ago we gave an illustration of the first annual parade of the Metropolitan Fire Department. On the 21st of November the second annual parade took place, of which we give an illustration on page 772. We desire especially to draw the attention of our readers to the progress made in the Department during the last year. We can show what this progress has been in no better way than by quoting a portion of Commissioner Abbe's speech on the occasion of this second review:

"Many," says Mr. Abbe, "of those I now have the pleasure of addressing were present last year when the Paid Department made its initial parade through the city. At that time several companies were unable to appear in line because of an incomplete outfit, and many of those who did parade on that day labored under considerable disadvantage. We then presented a newly-organized, untrained, and partially incomplete Department. We have now shown you, and the citizens of this great metropolis, an organization so perfect in all its arrangements and details as almost to defy criticism. The Department survived all opposition, and is now fully able to cope with any danger or emergency that may occur. As an old volunteer fireman, I would not for a moment connect that noble and now disbanded body of citizens with any act of violence or crime committed in those early days of the present system, but I do charge them upon that lawless class of hangers-on who so frequently tarnished the reputation of the active members of the old Department, and at the same time point out the fact that no such class now exists. I do not intend making an extended speech, and will only ask your indulgence for a moment more. In common with the other members of our Board, I feel a natural pride in the great success that has, through the cordial co-operation of every department in our City Government, attended our humble though sincere efforts. In order that you may know the precise strength of the Department and its principal advantages, I will briefly enumerate the more salient features. We have now in active service below Eighty-third Street 34 steamers and 12 hook-and-ladder trucks. Each piece of apparatus is worked by a company of 12 men, thus making the aggregate working strength below Harlem of the Department 552 men. One hundred and thirty horses are required for traction purposes.—Each member of the Department is allowed one day's leisure every 12 days, so that 46 men are nominally absent each day, although the occurrence of a fire in their district necessitates their presence. During all the hours of the day or night three men from each company perform patrol duty, thus giving us a patrol force of 138 men constantly on such duty. As a signal proof of the advantages secured to the Department through the patrol system, I may mention the pregnant fact that, during the twelve months just past, there have been over two hundred fires discovered and extinguished by individual companies, or still alarms, which were never made known to the general public. By these means the Department has saved to the property-owners of this city fully half a million of dollars. The horses detailed to each piece of apparatus are kept constantly harnessed, and they are hitched to the machines twelve hours out of the twenty-four. Only forty seconds of time are allowed after the alarm for the appearance of the company and their apparatus in the street; and so perfect have some of the companies become that they are frequently *en route* inside of twenty-five seconds. The water in the engine-boilers is constantly kept at so high a temperature that a full head of steam can be readily generated in two minutes. Such, gentlemen, are the main features of interest, and I need only add that the entire Department is divided into 11 divisions, or districts, each being under the control and supervision of an experienced engineer, while the entire working system is placed under the general direction of a chief engineer. Each member of the Board of Engineers is held responsible for the efficiency and discipline of those companies under his command. And last, though not least, is the system of telegraphing, which connects each apparatus-house, bell-tower, and Police Station-house with the central office, whereby an alarm of fire is received from any part of the city and transmitted instantaneously to all parts. By these means the entire Paid Department is kept in perfect order and instant readiness for active service. In conclusion, we most cordially invite each and every one present at any time to make personal examination for themselves."

Photographed by Rockwood & Co., New York. John Rogers, Sculpt.

THE MASTODON.

No geological discovery for several years has excited greater interest, popular or scientific, than the recent exhumation of the bones of a monstrous Mastodon at Cohoes. At first only a jawbone was found, and no further discovery seems to have been expected. But fortunately the workmen, in the progress of their excavations for the New Harmony Mills, have brought to light nearly the entire skeleton of this ancient monster. The attention of our geologists has been directed to this remarkable discovery, and we shall probably soon have a report on the Mastodon from our *savant*, Professor Louis Agassiz. The remains of the Mastodon were found 85 feet below the surface. Our special acknowledgments are due to Messrs. Haines & Wickes, for the photograph from which our engravings have been made.

SUGAR PLANTATION ON THE BAYOU TECHE.

The Bayou Teche—scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline"—is the richest sugar country of the United States. The sketch is characteristic of the general appearance of the plantations on the banks of the river—a handsome family residence, snug negro quarters, and large, expensive sugar-mill. This Bayou has always been one of the most attractive districts of Western Louisiana. A. R. W.

CYPRESS SWAMP IN LOUISIANA.

The great feature of these Louisiana Swamps is the Spanish moss hanging in masses from the cypress-trees, whose gray trunks, towering up without a leaf for 70 or 80 feet, are draped with it in most fantastic style. The trees closing together at the top shut out the light, so that the weird and funereal aspect of the place is perfect, presenting a forbidding appearance sufficient to appall a stranger. In the slimy depths of the swamp—a net-work of bayous and pools—numbers of alligators exist, in company with turtles, snakes, etc. Birds and insects of brilliant colors dart through the sunny gleams that occasionally pierce the shadowy depths, where the white crane and shadowy heron stand sentinel among the sharp cypress knees, which grow up all around the parent trunks, and form no slight obstacle to him who, braving the mosquitoes and buffalo gnats, attempts to penetrate this domain. The pond-lily and many other aquatic plants grow luxuriantly in the ponds, filling the air with an overpowering fragrance unknown to their sweeter kindred growth. Inhospitable as they are, these swamps formed a secure place of refuge for many a persecuted Union man during the rebellion; and were, on the other hand, silent witnesses of more than one martyrdom to the Union cause. A. R. W.

Dr. CHAPIN'S NEW CHURCH.

The Fourth Universalist Church Society, formerly of 548 Broadway, under the pastoral care of Dr. Chapin, has just completed its new house of worship on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, New York.

The church is built in the perpendicular Gothic style—the front elevation presenting two towers, the corner one being elongated into a spire about 200 feet high. There are three doors in the front above the street-level, and approached by steps extending the whole length of the three entrances. The doors and windows have pointed arches decorated with mullions, tracery, and stained glass. The front is further decorated with buttresses and rows of quatre-feuille. The plan of the building is 95 feet wide by 100 in depth.

The interior of the church has a main auditory and gallery capable of comfortably seating about 1800 persons—the pulpit being opposite the front entrance, and the organ and choir occupying the deep gallery over the same. The interior walls are painted a light stone color, and the ceiling is supported on clustered pillars, and finished in the form of greined arches in the side aisles, the central nave being more than 50 feet in height.

The cost of construction is $160,000. The building is now completed, and will be dedicated on the 3d of December.

The design has been prepared and the construction superintended by Mr. John Correja, architect.

Dr. E. H. Chapin's ministerial career in New York City began in 1848. He was then thirty-four years of age, having been born December 29, 1814, at Union Village, New York. He had received no college training, having completed his formal education in a seminary in Bennington. He had been preaching eleven years—at Richmond, Virginia; at Charlestown, Massachusetts; and in Boston. He has always been connected with the Universalist Church, and is to-day one of the prime movers in what is known as the "Broad Church movement." His reputation has been long established as one of the most eloquent and effective pulpit orators of the United States.

Dr. Chapin is one of our best-known popular lecturers. He has exerted a large measure of moral influence over the young men of our land. His sermons never deal with political topics. He has, therefore, not so many enemies as have Beecher and Cheever. His popularity has steadily increased, and the erection of his new church will open for him a career of increased influence and usefulness. Dr. Chapin received the degree of D.D. in 1856, from Harvard University, which had previously conferred on him the honorary degree of A.M.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE!

WHERE willows weep, where birds are still,
Where infants fold their little hands,
A warrior's tomb—a grassy hill
In yon old village corner stands!

No subtle carving on the stone
Shall tell us who is 'neath the sod;
Below the body rests alone—
His soul is in the ranks of God!

The scent of one white rose's breath
In sorrow floats amid the air—
The rose of Hope, and Love, and Death
Her widowed hands have planted there!

How often there a woman sits,
While tears are in her soft brown eyes!
The odors that pale rose emits
To her are airs of Paradise!

The laughers can not laugh at *her!*
The idle pause with eyes intent
On those clasped hands that never stir—
The knees that in a prayer are bent!

Along the village path she strays,
Nor lingers the wild flower to take;
Through those long winding meadow ways—
By hedges heavy for his sake!

Then lighter, softer is her tread;
Her tears are falling there at last!
Her fingers clasp the rose—her head
Rests, dreaming of the sweet, sad past!

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IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE AND GENERAL AMNESTY.

WHEN a country has been convulsed by a domestic war which has torn up old social systems by the roots there is no short and easy path to universal tranquillity. The danger to be apprehended is an attempt to reach arbitrarily and impatiently those results which can never be attained except by deliberation and time, or the operation of the laws of nature and human society. Therefore a wise man reads at present in our political almanac, "Look out for all kinds of political panaceas and nostrums about this time." Among these a very loudly advertised specific is Impartial Suffrage and General Amnesty. But a very suspicious fact is, that it is recommended by two classes of persons—Union men whose advice was timid and wrong in every crisis of the war, and Southern sympathizers who were the most desperate and unscrupulous of public enemies.

The qualification of the suffrage which is recommended is education. Nor can there be any question of the vital importance of intelligence to voters. But the question of the suffrage must be regarded by us at this time in its bearings upon the national security. Now the strength of the Union sentiment in the unrepresented States is undoubtedly among the colored population and the poor whites, as in parts of Arkansas, Tennessee, Georgia, and North Carolina. The strength of the disloyal sentiment is among the educated classes. An educational test for the suffrage would enfranchise possibly six or seven per cent. of the colored citizens now, and it would disfranchise probably half of the poor white classes of the States we have mentioned. If, therefore, a plan of an educational test of suffrage and a full amnesty were adopted as a substitute for the Amendment proposed by Congress, we should have intrenched and fortified the enemy, for we should have secured political power to the class most hostile to us.

The truth is, that the matter is much too complicated to be successfully dealt with by a phrase, however symmetrical. It is utterly useless to combine the two propositions of qualified equal suffrage and general amnesty. If equal suffrage in the disturbed States be essential to the national security, the national authority should establish it. That is one thing. If general amnesty be compatible with national safety, let the national authority proclaim it. That is another thing. But it certainly does not follow that if it be necessary to establish equal suffrage, it is wise to reinstate rebels; for the consequences of one process may very easily paralyze the intended results of the other.

The whole matter is a question of statesmanship. The object is to prevent the resumption of political power by the party lately in rebellion, and still frankly hostile to the Union, by such measures as are not incompatible with the principle of the Government and with the national safety. The Congressional Amendment proposes to do this by basing representation upon the number of voters, under certain conditions, and by making certain rebel leaders ineligible to office at the pleasure of Congress. This last provision is that which stings the hostile sentiment most, and that which the general amnesty would remove. But in any system of reconstruction that inability is essential. Whether Congress leave the actual settlement of the suffrage to the States or directly ordains it, and whether the suffrage be qualified or universal, the official ineligibility of the leading political chiefs at the national pleasure is indispensable. Nor is it very wise to say, as the *Tribune* does, that because ultimately the ban would be removed, therefore it may as well be removed now. A thief sentenced for twelve months will be released at the end of a year. Should he therefore not be sent to jail at all?

The object of the demand of equal suffrage and general amnesty when it proceeds from the Copperhead organs is plain. The convenient classical line which warns us to fear the Greeks bringing gifts may be liberally rendered, Look out for the cat in the meal-tub. The Copperhead calculation of the situation under this policy is, first, the recognition of the present State organizations in the late rebel States, which are now exclusively in the hands of the late rebels; and, second, the disfranchisement of the great mass of the loyal men in those States, and the consequent perpetuity of political power in its present hands. Was the war fought, and were the late elections carried, for such a result as that?

THE CHIEF JUSTICE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE late interviews between the President and the Chief Justice of the United States were immediately reported as conferences upon the subject of reconstruction. It seems, however, much more probable that the subject of conversation was JEFFERSON DAVIS. There is no reason whatever in the President's character or antecedents to suppose that he would wish to advise politically with Judge CHASE, while the Chief Justice is his natural and proper adviser upon the disposition to be made of the State prisoner at Fortress Monroe. Probably the embarrassment is mutual. The President wishes to open the door of the prison, and yet fears the popular outcry; while the Chief Justice probably feels a solemn judicial opinion upon the subject to be desirable, while he sees plainly the hazardous risks that must be encountered in reaching it. Unfortunately the President has put it out of his power to do any thing in the matter which will satisfy the public mind. His predecessor would long ago have found a solution of the difficulty in which the country would have acquiesced.

For difficulty it undoubtedly is, notwithstanding the question which is so indignantly asked whether laws are of any use if they are not to be enforced against the greatest criminals. Laws can only be enforced lawfully. The greatest criminals can only be punished upon conviction under the forms of law. And the simple question is, whether the people wish to submit the question of the lawfulness of the late war upon the part of the Government to a jury of twelve men selected at random. If DAVIS be indicted for high treason, the forms of law must be scrupulously observed. The case must go to a jury. One man can prevent an agreement. But if the jury can not decide, or if they acquit the prisoner, the United States are convicted.

At the close of the war, and immediately upon DAVIS'S capture, there was a universal feeling that, as the arch-criminal, he should be instantly brought to justice. The President distinctly said so, and orators and editors very generally took the same ground. But as time passed, and the actual circumstances were gravely considered, opinion changed. It became evident that the case was not exactly such as the criminal law of treason contemplates. The object of that law is to make treason odious in the person of traitors, and to save the state from murderous conspiracy. But when treason has swollen into general and terrible war, waged by all the methods of war and prolonged through four years, during which millions of citizens become liable as traitors, and which ends in the complete victory of the Government, although technically every man who bore arms may be capitally prosecuted, the wisdom of a prosecution becomes a matter of high state policy; and if a possible or even probable result of the prosecution in any instance would be a reversal of the decision which the whole nation has made by the last appeal of arms, it is an unwise policy to press the prosecution.

Besides, there is a very general perception that no judicial affirmation will add the least weight or dignity to the decision of the war. That attempted secession is rebellion and treason, and will not be tolerated, is a point finally settled. If the Court says so by the conviction of any accused person it merely echoes a verdict infinitely more imposing and absolutely irreversible. If the Court questions it by the acquittal of the prisoner the decision is none the less fixed, but an *ignis fatuus* of seeming lawful right glimmers forever over rebellion. Moreover, the trial invests with a foolish prominence the chief actor in the drama. At present DAVIS is an utterly broken-down, baffled, blood-stained political gambler and adventurer. Give him the melodramatic setting of a state trial and he acquires dignity from association. Technically he is a person accused of treason, and to be tried by his peers. Actually he is a criminal, whom no verdict can acquit in the heart and conscience of his country and mankind. Yet we do not believe that the public sentiment would justify the execution of the penalty of the law, even were he convicted. Under such circumstances, therefore, what could the trial be but a farce?

If the Chief Justice went to the White House, and *if* he talked with the President, and *if* DAVIS were the subject, we do not doubt that the rat behind the arras heard some such remarks as these.

THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL IN MEXICO.

THE Mexican empire is evidently settling itself so fast that there is something a little surprising in the mission of Lieutenant-General SHERMAN with Mr. CAMPBELL the Resident Minister to the Mexican Republic. We can not say that the peculiar character of either gentleman inspires profound public confidence that the wisest course will be adopted. Mr. CAMPBELL is known to the country only as an adroit local politician wholly devoted to the President's view of public affairs. The Lieutenant-General, whose heroic name is already historical, is not a man who has shown political discretion and moderation as remarkable as his military sagacity and valor. And both Ministers are sent out by an Administration signally defeated before the country and naturally anxious to relieve its fortunes by some emphatic diversion.

If the intention be to furnish an opportunity for fine bluster toward any foreign Power, we trust it may be doomed to disappointment. It is always a shallow and criminal attempt which would apparently heal domestic dissensions by manufactured foreign hostility. There certainly can be no doubt that LOUIS NAPOLEON wishes to get out of Mexico as swiftly and as safely as possible, nor can we see any reason for Lieutenant-General SHERMAN'S presence or offices pending the French departure. There can be no fear that any of the contending parties in Mexico will attempt to injure our citizens or to invade our territory; and an army of observation upon the frontier need not be large, and certainly does not require the Lieutenant-General to command it until it takes the offensive. Nor does there seem to be any good reason why the United States should undertake to do for JUAREZ among his own people what France tried to do for MAXIMILIAN among foreigners. A Mexican protectorate, after France withdraws, can be only a protectorate of one domestic party against another, and that is not a business congenial to the principles or practice of the United States.

Of course when an empire falls, however much of a mushroom or toadstool it may have been, a wise Government looks to the care of its citizens who may be caught in the ruins. But no such consideration explains the necessity of such an envoy as the second military commander of the country. Even the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine does not require him. For the Monroe Doctrine, as it is generally understood, is being vindicated by events. Whether it be a foreign apprehension or a domestic necessity which has sent him to Mexico we shall probably soon learn. But the fact which should make every citizen watchful is that the defeated party in this country would not be averse to a foreign complication.

COMPROMISE.

IT is gravely suggested that the President shall offer to Congress a compromise. A compromise of what? What is the open question? What are the relative forces? Where is the necessity of composition? The people of the United States have deliberately proposed the plan upon which the unrepresented States may return to Congress. If those States prefer exclusion, they will probably continue to refuse assent to the plan, as they are doing now. But a compromise is a concession. Is it proposed that the people shall make the conditions more agreeable to the States in question?

The truth is, that there are a great many people in this country who have heard so much of the compromises of the Constitution, and of the necessity of every body yielding a little to make society possible, that they instinctively trust every thing which is called compromise, and are as much appalled at the thought of acting upon a simple principle, undiluted by compromise, as they would be at the idea of eating a beef-steak uncooked. It would not need a very subtle argument to show that the boasted compromises of the Constitution were the seed of the late war, and that we shall have permanent peace only when they are entirely extirpated from that instrument. But we are far from saying that compromise, or mutual concession, is not often essential to success. It is no more possible in politics always to move straight toward the end proposed than it is for a ship to sail straight before any wind from New York to Liverpool. The ship must do the best she can with the wind she has, and she will probably never make a voyage without tacking. Yet tacking is compromise.

It is not, therefore, compromise to which a wise man objects. "All government," says EDMUND BURKE, "is founded upon compromise. But in all fair dealing," he adds, "the thing bought should bear some proportion to the purchase paid. Who would barter away the jewel of his soul?" In every free government there is something that is priceless, which can not be bought or sold, or made in any way whatever the subject of trade. But our fathers unluckily forgot it, or, remembering it, they thought that in their case there was no danger. Slavery was evidently expiring. They might, therefore, safely make a grant which would revert in a few years. But the cotton-gin was twin-born with the Constitution, and they fought from the cradle.

Material interests may be compromised to the utmost, but moral principle can never be compromised—it can only be surrendered. When the two are opposed, and principle yields, there is no compromise—there is only a sale. A father who "makes an eligible match" for his daughter without consulting her feelings, does not compromise her—he sells her as a calf is sold in the market. So a Congress or a Convention which makes laws, upon any pretense whatever, that necessarily destroy primal human rights, sells liberty in the open market. Now the pending Amendment provides that the enemies of equal rights in this country shall not have disproportioned political power in the Government, and that those who led the rebellion to destroy the Government shall not resume power under it except with the consent of the loyal people in Congress. To set off one of these necessary provisions against the other, or to evade either under any pretense, is not compromise, it is betrayal.

A MARGIN WANTED.

WE were speaking last week of the new Croton Reservoir; and we wish now to suggest that the welfare of the city requires entire command of the first in population, commerce, and power on either continent. This great future requires entire command over the whole bed of the river and its tributaries, with enough of its margin to build all the necessary reservoirs and prevent the throwing of offensive matter into the waters of the Croton. Already in London complaint is justly made that the health of the city is seriously impaired by the impurities mixed with the water of the Thames and carried through pipes into dwellings, and if we wish to avoid a like fate, we must acquire a margin of lands on all these waters.

Numerous impurities already reach them, and these will increase with the growth of population in the attractive region watered by the Croton. The backward flow produced by the main dam near Sing Sing extends up the Croton several miles; but yet the city owns only what is covered by the water, and has no right to exclude hurtful deposits on the slopes extending down to the lake. No part of the stream flowing in has ever been acquired, and hence it shares the fate of being used in all the ways which convenience requires. An act of the Legislature authorizing the city to acquire such margin of land as we have mentioned, to be taken from time to time as it may be wanted, would amount to notice of this ultimate object, and prevent very expensive improvements or any use of the land inconsistent with the wants of the city.

In condemning the land on the west branch now to be taken for the new reservoir, the city will need to obtain title to a burying-ground lately in active use, and containing, as we judge from a cursory view of its tombstones, from one to two hundred bodies, the removal of which will of course be made a charge to be added to the assessed value of the lands. The water of the new reservoir will flood this burying-ground, which was doubtless selected for a resting-place in the belief that it would be as free from intrusion as possible; but the wants of a great city break up arrangements for final repose which numerous families have made, and they must henceforth provide with more certainty against the inexorable demands which expose to disturbance the sleep of "their rude forefathers."

We submit to our manufacturing inventors the construction of a wheel, which, we suppose, would not be larger than a watch, to be used in connection with the Croton in private dwellings as a power for working a sewing machine. It would of course be applicable in all cases where water is delivered into houses through pipes from high elevations, and could be used for light knitting or spinning machines, and various other purposes of domestic industry; thus opening to women a new field of labor, and creating in families the old spirit of industry which insured that species of independence which the power to supply our own wants bestows. If such a power were used extensively here there would be a demand for water which the whole flow of the river would not more than supply.

But whether it shall be deemed feasible or otherwise to use the water for such purposes, the considerations in favor of acquiring in time all the land that may be needed to make the Croton available in the best manner for our wants, present and to arise, must be so evident as to impose on the Water Board—now fortu-

nately managed by a competent engineer—the duty of obtaining such legislation as may secure this important object.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

AT a late meeting of the trustees of the Cornell University at Ithaca, in this State, the Hon. ANDREW D. WHITE, of Syracuse, was unanimously elected President. He is precisely the right man in the right place. In this State and at the West, where he was Professor of History in the University of Michigan, Mr. WHITE is known and honored as one of the most earnest, practical, and accomplished scholars, and our readers may remember his striking and original oration before the Phi Beta Kappa of Yale College last summer as a timely and powerful lesson of the hour. His career in the Senate of New York has been marked with such good sense and ability that his friends have a right to anticipate for him the most brilliant political honors; while from the first he has been the confidential friend, in this great work of the University, of its founder, the Hon. EZRA CORNELL. Familiar with the intention of the foundation, inspired with the most humane and lofty conviction of the true scope of a great University, and accustomed to the details of academical management, we do not know to whom its Presidency could have been so wisely intrusted. Mr. WHITE will be sure to gather around him the best men in every department. The institution will be truly a University; and beginning under auspices so favorable, it can not fail to become wholly worthy of the State and country.

HOW SHALL WE SLEEP?

As we spend about one-third of our lives in sleep the circumstances under which we do it should be well ordered. The sleeping apartment should be of such size and have such arrangements as to secure a proper supply of fresh air. From our own observation we have no hesitation in saying that even among well-conditioned people those provisions are not adequately attended to. Most of them sleep in rooms that are both too small and shut up too closely. A gallon of fresh air every minute, let it be remembered, is the requisite for each person. This certainly can not be furnished to any one in a closed room of ten feet square, and yet this is a very common limit of sleeping accommodations, with no inlets for fresh air except the crevices. The case is worse than it is with apartments for the day, for in them the doors are opened frequently, and thus some considerable change is effected in the air.

Very often the sleeping accommodations are even more limited than we have mentioned, especially in the case of children. Several of them put into even a good-sized apartment do not have air enough if it be closed, and surely not when they are put into a small one, as they often are.

It is quite important that with ventilation there should be a proper degree of warmth, and hence it is much easier to secure thorough ventilation in sleeping apartments when the whole house is warmed from a furnace than when it is not. And here we would say that it is a false notion that no air is good except that which is introduced directly from without. That which comes from the open passages of the house is as good as that which comes through open windows. The air that comes from the pipes of a furnace is as fresh, that is as pure, as fully charged with oxygen, as cold air is. Heating it does not injure it. If the attempt be made to secure ventilation *alone* by letting down the top of a window, there is great danger that cold will be taken, especially if the room be small. This had better be only one of the means of ventilation, and then there need not be so wide an opening as to have this liability.

Night is the time for sleep, as day is the time for work. This is nature's indication, and harm always comes from not following it. Sleep in the morning is not as refreshing as that which is had in the night, when we have nature's favoring circumstances, the darkness and stillness. When we turn night into day, either with pleasure or labor, we do violence to nature, and, of course, inflict more or less injury on our physical systems. Many a clergyman is tempted to sit up late at night in preparing his sermons, partly from the quietness of the hour, and partly from the necessity of securing the preparation in time. But every time that he does this there is an impairment of the health, and particularly if it be done Saturday night, because the injury is enhanced by the labors of the following day.

Sleep may be imperfect. It may be broken by impressions made upon the senses, or by mental operations. The more one dreams the more imperfect is the sleep, for mind and brain are in action in dreaming, and they do not have entire rest. There is difference in dreams as well as in wide-awake thinking in the amount of exertion. Sometimes dreaming amounts to real mental labor, and so impairs greatly the rest which sleep is designed to give.

Of course the less perfect the sleep the longer is the time which it ought to occupy. It is a matter of economy, then, to those with whom time is of value, to have the sleep as perfect as possible.

How, then, can sleep be made perfect? There are various circumstances to be regarded in effecting this.

When we sleep we should sleep. We should make a business of it. There should be no mingling of the wakeful and the sleeping condition. We should dismiss the thoughts and business of the day. We should have a habit of doing this. There is much in this point. The thing is quite within our control, and a habit of passing readily from the wakeful state into sound sleep can be formed by a proper attention to the circumstances that will favor it.

Regularity is important here. There should be a regular time for retiring, and also for rising. If this be not done, there will not only be much time often wasted in getting to sleep, but the sleep will be apt to be imperfect. We do not mean that one should retire precisely at the same minute every night—this would be making one a slave to time, and the very exactness would impair the sleep.

Much may be done by sheer will. We can will to calm down mental action, and dismiss trains of thought. If we can not do this directly we can indirectly. We can supplant thoughts which would burden the mind, and thus pass mind and brain into the sleeping state in a worried condition, by indulging in thoughts of a diverse and lighter character, letting us gently slip into our rest for the night. How very commonly the contrary course is pursued! The business man goes to bed thinking of some plan for making money, or for solving some perplexity; the professional man is busy with some train of thought connected with his daily employment, and the student is worrying his mind up to the last of his wakeful moments with some portion of to-morrow's lessons.

But besides all this, and above all this, the arrangements of the day have a decided influence upon the character of our sleep. That sleep may be good the business of the day should be done altogether in the day, and the evening should be the time for relaxation and diversion. In this way there will be a proper preparation for undisturbed, perfect sleep. All mental employment in the evening should be gentle and amusing. It is no time for real work. All the study that is done in the evening, especially by the young, does harm to both body and mind, and one way in which it does this is by impairing the sleep.

The encroachments which fashion makes upon nature's time for sleep are a large source of disease in its votaries. The languor of the next day tells what the misspent hours have done, and this often repeated, taking something each time from the needed repair and restoration, lessens decidedly the general vigor, and thus prepares for actual disease. In strong contrast this with the legitimate use in the evening of the pleasures of society which we have indicated. When will the truly rational and conscientious resist the dictates of fashion, and rid their guests of the necessity of turning night into day?

In conclusion, we say, sleep enough—sleep in the right place—sleep at the right time—sleep well. Some seem to grudge the time given to sleep as if it were lost time. But the hour of sleep should be welcomed as well as the hour of waking, and the time for rest should be arranged for as scrupulously as the time for action.

LITERARY.

"The Sanctuary: a Story of the War" (published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York), is a novel by GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, author of "The Story of the Great March." No book relating to the war has had a more striking success than NICHOLS'S "Story of the Great March." Nearly thirty editions have already been issued by the publishers, and the book still maintains its popularity. The author had made the march, as one of Sherman's Staff officers: he wrote of what he saw, and he knew well that to make his story interesting he had only to tell it truthfully. Fidelity in the writer there could not be without securing the intense interest of the reader. In the "Sanctuary" Colonel NICHOLS'S object has been of a different nature, though in the same direction, as in the "Story of the Great March." The latter confined itself to grand military movements and to the prominent military incidents of the march, or to the characteristic features of the country through which the army moved. The "Sanctuary" is intended to tell another story, in which the individual and not the army stands foremost. The pictures are more minute, and relate rather to daily scenes in the soldier's life, or to instances of personal heroism, than to great movements or critical battles. The careful fidelity with which these pictures are painted can not but make the book one of great interest and value. But it is not the portraiture of the external life of the soldier which gives the chief interest to Mr. NICHOLS'S novel. Heroes have hearts, and Romance is nearly allied to War. The story which the author has woven about the historic thread of this work is pathetic, and abounds in striking situations, yet never overleaps the boundaries of plausibility. Of some of the chapters our best authors might well be proud. The description of Bonaventura and of Dalton's walk to Hastings have been very rarely surpassed. The story of Zimri's revenge has all the interest of a tragedy, and the character is well drawn. The "Sanctuary" is beautifully illustrated by A. R. WAUD, Esq.; and as regards style of printing, quality of paper, and external appearance, is one of the most elegant books of the season.

"Personal Recollections of Distinguished Generals," by WILLIAM F. G. SHANKS, has just been issued by HARPER & BROTHERS. "No man is a hero to his own *valet*," says the proverb. It is equally true, and for much the same reason, that no General is a hero in the eyes of a newspaper war-correspondent. While upon the field, indeed, he may have some special reason for adulation; but he not unfrequently looks upon the commanding officer as a humbug, and feels determined, at some happier opportunity, to expose the military ignorance which is to him so clearly apparent. Among the many correspondents which the *Herald* sent into the field Mr. SHANKS was undoubtedly the most able and judicious. The work which he has given us could not but be valuable. Nowhere else can the reader find so good portraitures of the great military leaders in the war for the Union. We can not indorse many of his judgments, which, though they evidently have not been hastily made, are yet sometimes exceedingly arbitrary. But they are the honest and independent judgments of the author. We are willing to acquit Mr. SHANKS of that petty prejudice which nearly all war-correspondents have allowed to influence them in writing about General SHERMAN. Still he persistently belittles that General. If SHERMAN is more universally popular than any other of our heroes, as Mr. SHANKS says he is, then it is certainly unfair to pronounce that it was not "his brilliant success as a leader" which made him so, but rather "his strongly marked characteristics of person and mind." Now, it is SHERMAN'S success, and the *brilliancy* of his success which, if any thing, has made him so popular. Success alone, and brilliant success, is the only reason why the people care any thing about SHERMAN'S personal and mental characteristics. SHERMAN, according to Mr. SHANKS, was the great strategist of the war, but no tactician. Now, this immediately suggests to us the fact, that in the whole war, and particularly in the West, there seems to have been but little display of tactics, while almost every thing was made to depend upon strategic movements and sanguinary battles—battles, the plans of which were decided far more by accident and topography than by deliberate and tactical calculation. From the nature of the battle-fields themselves, there was rarely any room for tactics. But, after all, it is not for the author's military criticisms—which are usually just—that this book is chiefly valuable, and we must forgive these cruel slashes at one of our heroes in consideration of the interesting facts which Mr. SHANKS has communicated. The book contains fifteen illustrations, of which all but one are portraits.

"Obsequies of ABRAHAM LINCOLN in New York City" (published by EDMUND JONES & CO., New York), is a record of the events and of the memorial speeches and resolutions in New York City connected with Mr. LINCOLN'S death and funeral. It has been prepared by DAVID T. VALENTINE, Esq., Clerk of the Common Council, under the auspices of the Corporation, and is very finely illustrated by WILLIAM WAUD, Esq. of this city. The work includes BANCROFT'S Eulogy, delivered on Union Square, and BRYANT'S Poem. It is published in a style which does credit to the city, to its well-known Editor, and to the talented artist who has illustrated it. It is fit that the minute record of this city's participation in the obsequies of our martyr President should be thus handed down to our children.

"That Good Old Time; or, Our Fresh and Salt Tutors" (published by HURD & HOUGHTON, New York), is a charming book. The writer has succeeded in making a genuine "boy's book." In leaving boyhood behind him the door has not been shut against his return to the mysteries of a boy's life. This work is so fresh and hearty, so instinct with an appreciation of boy-life, and so winning in its Christian lessons, that we can heartily recommend it to our young friends as, in its kind, the most delightful book of the season.

"Photographic Views of SHERMAN'S Campaign," by GEORGE N. BARNARD, is a splendid volume, containing 61 imperial photographs, embracing scenes of the Occupation of Nashville, the Great Battles around Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain, the Campaign of Atlanta, March to the Sea, and the Great Raid through the Carolinas. These photographs are views of important places, of noted battle-fields, of military works; and, for the care and judgment in selecting the points of view, for the delicacy of execution, for scope of treatment, and for fidelity of representation, they surpass any other photographic views which have been produced in this country—whether relating to the war or otherwise. The impressions have been taken with the greatest care—they are splendidly mounted and bound in a single volume in the most elegant style. We believe that only a very limited number of these volumes are issued; but although, from its expense, the book can not be popular, those who can afford to pay one hundred dollars for a work of fine art can not spend their money with more satisfactory results than would be realized in the possession of these views. Before seeing this collection of Mr. BARNARD we could not have believed that there were such magnificent possibilities in an art so purely mechanical as to its mode of operation. Even the tints and cloud-scenery of the sky are exquisite in their perfection. We regret that we have not the space to enter into a more detailed description of the separate views.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AMERICANS can not claim politeness as one of their national characteristics. However strict they may be in the observance of etiquette in their own houses, in public places there is often a decided want of that politeness which has been so aptly defined as "real kindness kindly expressed." But usually this defect seems to be the result of want of tact, or want of observation, or a *negative* fault—if such there be—of some kind. We rarely see positive rudeness exhibited in public places by the better classes.

But an unfortunately large number of those who attended the first Philharmonic Concert, given in Steinway Hall, had an opportunity of witnessing and of being excessively annoyed by open and positive rudeness on the part of—shall we say it?—a young person, who, if she had known how to hold her tongue, might have been called a *lady*. But she did not. From the commencement of the concert she persisted, not merely in whispering, but in talking loudly, in spite of indignant looks, "hushes," and even faint "hisses," until the audience in her vicinity were thoroughly roused to anger at being thus cheated out of the sweet strains of music they had come to enjoy. Several gentlemen earnestly requested her to allow them some quiet; but she (New York ladies will blush for their sex) rudely declared, "I have come here to talk, and I *will* talk!" At length a gentleman came from the box-office, and addressing her, said he had been sent for to request her to cease talking. Several gentlemen in the vicinity immediately arose and thanked him for coming. But the young person who made all this disturbance, though hushed for the moment, continued with the utmost *nonchalance* to talk and laugh throughout the performance. If the managers of the Philharmonic don't think this a case for the police, or for somebody in authority, we would merely advise lovers of music to avoid in future any proximity to a certain blue plush cloak and white lace bonnet.

Perhaps many of us might learn a lesson of carefulness at concerts, and avoid the too common practice of whispering during the performances.

We learn from Paris that the goods for the Exhibition of 1867 are beginning to arrive. One hundred and sixty packages from St. Petersburg arrived in one day last month. A great variety of curious articles from Morocco will be sent to show the progress of art in that country, and gorgeous specimens of Oriental luxury will add to the attractions of the Exhibition.

During the past year some fifteen hundred different children have been taught, fed, and clothed in the "Five Points House of Industry." A family of more than two hundred is constantly maintained in the House, the inmates being sent to situations or friends as opportunity offers. Here is one avenue, among many others, through which the benevolent may send their contributions. Children who put their pennies into the contribution-box seldom have any definite idea of the use to which they are applied. But if parents would take the trouble to explain to their little ones that *two dollars* will supply food to a child for *three weeks* at the House of Industry, they will understand that some *good* is done with the money. Many other charities are equally worthy with this, and may be made just as definite to a child's mind; only let it be remembered that if little folks are to be made benevolent, they must understand the effect of giving.

Since 1859 forty-four thousand and seventy volumes have been added to the books contained in the Bates Hall of the Boston Public Library. Of this number eleven thousand one hundred and ninety were received under a bequest of the late Theodore Parker, besides twenty-five hundred pamphlets received under the same bequest which have since been bound, and are now accounted as books.

A London journal, under the heading of "Rather Precocious," quotes the following passage from a New York paper: "Miss Spurgeon, the daughter of the popular preacher, accompanied Queen Emma to this country. Miss Spurgeon is on her way to the Sandwich Islands, in the hope of being able to instruct the natives in the doctrines of Christianity. She is twenty-four years of age, has a fine intellectual face, and very prepossessing manners." "This paragraph," adds the journal which makes the quotation, "will be rather amusing to the friends of Mr. Spurgeon, who is only thirty-two years of age, having been born in 1834."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN LEGISLATURES.

GOVERNOR WORTH'S Message to the North Carolina Legislature complains of the exclusion of Southern members from Congress, of the test oath, and of the Constitutional Amendment. To the latter it objects that the Amendment is not Constitutionally submitted to the States; that, although it consists of eight particular modifications of the Constitution, some of them altogether incongruous, it must yet be ratified as a whole, or as a whole rejected; that it enlarges the powers of the General Government to a mischievous extent, and that there is no guaranty that its ratification will secure restoration. Governor Worth trusts that the citizens of North Carolina will be under no circumstances willing to sacrifice the honor and rights of the State, as a member of the Union—not in the sense of the advocates of secession, but as taught by Iredell, Marshall, Story, Kent, and Webster—and in which moderate men every where, North and South, before the war, were supposed to concur.

Governor Walker, of Florida, in his Message also opposes the Amendment. He thinks it better to leave the basis of representation as it was—dependent upon the census rather than voters. The third section, he considers, punishes certain classes of citizens not more guilty than others; and it goes back of the President's pardoning power.

Governor Murphy, of Arkansas, is very moderate. He recommends the Legislature to conform the laws of the State to the principles of the Civil Rights Bill; and, in regard to the Constitutional Amendment, he thinks it becomes a grave question for the Legislature to decide whether any terms more favorable are likely to be secured by opposition.

NEWS ITEMS.

The National Hall at Harlem was opened on the evening of November 22. On this occasion a magnificent concert was given by Mr. G. W. Morgan, the proprietor of the hall, in which Madame Gazzaniga, and Messrs. A. H. Pease, J. R. Thomas, and Signors Gariboldi and Limberti took part. The concert was a success, and the hall, we must admit, surpasses for attractiveness and comfort any which we have seen in this city.

The Tennessee Legislature has passed a bill which excludes all persons who are not qualified voters from serving as jurors. If it can be enforced, this bill will keep the juries of the State under the control of the Union men.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

November 21:

(LONDON.)—The London *Times*, in an editorial this morning, says that although the Federal Secretary of the Treasury believes that the bonds of the United States will be paid in gold, it would be better if Congress would secure such payment by law.

J. H. Surratt, the alleged accomplice in the murder of President Lincoln, was discovered serving in the Papal Zouaves under the name of John Watson. He was arrested upon a demand of General King, but afterward ran the guard, leaped over a precipice, and escaped into Italian territory. The Italian authorities are on the alert, and endeavoring to recapture him.

(PESTH.)—The Hungarian Diet met to-day. The Imperial rescript was received and read. It declares that if the Diet will remove the difficulties in the way of unity a Hungarian Ministry will be appointed and the autonomy of Hungary will be re-established.

November 22:

(LONDON.)—A large quantity of arms, designed for the use of the Fenians, was seized on board a Liverpool-bound steamer at Cork.

November 24:

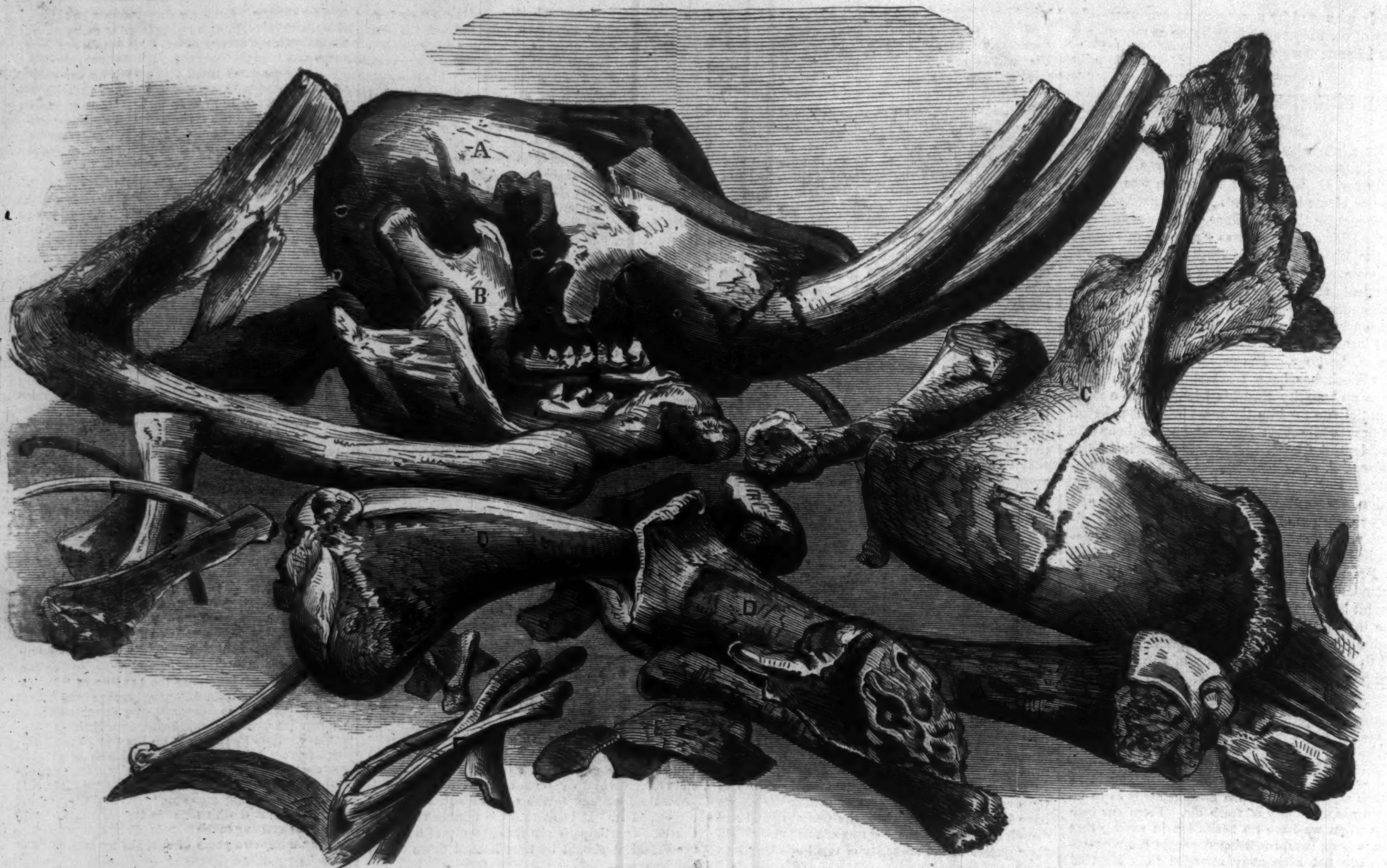
(LONDON.)—The Fenian agitation in Ireland still continues. Many arrests of persons and seizures of arms have already been made.

(FLORENCE.)—The Government of Italy will renew negotiations with the Pope at once.

November 25:

(LONDON).—Trieste papers say that the state of the Empress Charlotte's health is unchanged.

(PESTH).—The Deak party have adopted an address to the Emperor of Austria, asking for the restoration of the laws of 1848, and promising that the Diet will consider the wishes of the Emperor as expressed in his recent rescript.



A. *The Skull*, 3 feet 6 inches long, 1 foot 8 inches deep, weighing 433 lbs.; with *Tusks* 5 feet long and 6 inches in diameter at the root.—B. *Lower Jaw*, 2 feet 9 inches long, 1 foot 10 inches wide, weighing 45 lbs.; has two teeth on one side, and only one on the other. Size of teeth, 3 by 7 inches on the surface.—C. *The Pelvis*, size 3 feet×3×6.—D. *Bones of Leg*, upper part, 3 feet 7 inches; lower, 3 feet.—E. *Sections of Vertebræ*, 6 inches in diameter.—F. *Ribs*, 4 feet long.

BONES OF THE MASTODON RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT COHOES, NEW YORK.—Photographed by Haines & Wickes, Albany, N. Y.

[See First Page.]

PARADE OF THE METROPOLITAN FIRE DEPARTMENT—PASSING THROUGH MAIDEN LANE.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.

[See First Page.]

EDWIN HUBBELL CHAPIN, D.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO., 839 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]

CAPTAIN DUNCAN.

BY GEORGE WARD NICHOLS.

THAT quality called bravery, or courage, has been so common, so almost universal in our army through the war, that its possession is no longer regarded by the soldier as a mark of special merit. Captain Duncan, however, had peculiar traits of character which distinguished him among a host of heroes. Call it daring, rashness, indifference to danger, or what you will, he had something that made him a man of mark. I do not know that he was more self-possessed than others on the battle-field; in truth, I am inclined to believe that Duncan was rather opposed to close proximity to flying shots and hurtling shells, and that the line of battle had no special fascinations for him. But if General Howard desired to know the position of the enemy, their numbers, their movements; if he wished to send an important dispatch across the country or through the enemy's lines, he selected, with perfect confidence, Captain Duncan for the perilous duty.

Let us see what sort of a man the Captain was, or is; for he is alive somewhere to-day, if a street-awning has not fallen and crushed him; if he is not the victim of that modern Juggernaut, a New York omnibus; or if, after surviving the shocks of war, he has not succumbed to some of the ordinary ills that flesh is heir to.

The Captain was attached to General Howard's head-quarters as commanding the General's escort, or, rather, as chief of scouts. He is a man of small stature, wiry and muscular. His light hair is cut close to a well-shaped head; a full mustache lightly overhangs a sensitive, well-formed mouth; his dimpled chin is nicely rounded; his nose is full and finely shaped; his eyes are light blue, with a womanly expression. The face is altogether a frank and open one, but with no marked distinctions, nothing to really indicate the energy and daring, the courage and cunning, which mark a career at once eventful and romantic.

Duncan's disguises were as various as the characters he assumed. At one time he was a cadet of the military school originally at Marietta, but which might have been termed a traveling academy, for it accommodated its movements to the advance of our army. It was first at Atlanta, then at Milledgeville, afterward at Augusta; and its final resting-place, I think, was in the rebel army. At another time our hero appeared as a furloughed soldier of Lee's army, and again in the prim gray-and-red uniform of one of the "home guard"—an organization which had a brief existence in different parts of the South. Then again he would roam over the country in the motley dress of rags and dirt that distinguished Wheeler's cavalry. In all these costumes and disguises he managed to accomplish the objects of his missions. He was frequently captured; and although he was never a denizen of any of the infamous prisons of the South, nor long in captivity at any time, always contriving to escape, yet his face, after a while, was readily recognized as that of the famous and fearless Duncan, making each succeeding expedition more fraught with danger to him than the last.

A volume might be devoted to the narration of his dangerous adventures. One of these, of recent occurrence, will associate his name in history with the "Great March" of General Sherman. When the army arrived before Savannah the necessity of opening communication with the sea, and the establishment of a base of supplies, was of vital and immediate importance.

If one will think for a moment of the needs of a city of seventy thousand inhabitants—of the amount of food which the people, horses, mules, and cattle require for daily consumption—he will understand how rapidly an army of that magnitude, with thousands of refugees hanging upon its skirts, would devour the food and supplies brought with them. Provision, literal and instant provision, must be made, and that by communication with the Atlantic.

The country around Savannah is of that low and swampy character peculiar to the Southern sea-coast. For hundreds of miles these swamps, dreary and monotonous, stretch away. Here and there, where some wealthy planter has rescued the salt-marshes from the overflow of the sea, dykes have been raised and canals extend for miles through the rice fields. At intervals on the horizon may be seen a clump, or avenue, of live-oak trees, which mark the residence of the planter, who passed his winters here with his subjects—for like a lord of feudal days the rich man-owner regarded his slaves.

The Ogeechee and numerous tributary streams wind in and out in every direction, and force themselves sluggishly through the slime. Where the marsh or swamp has not been redeemed, tall rank grass and weeds grow in profusion. Where the tide reaches, the marsh is filled here and there with frightful holes and bogs, and covered with a black, thick bed of mud, through which it is almost impossible for man or horse to wade or walk. But as the anxious Union soldiers gazed toward the distant sea, where the marsh-line melted into sky, they were conscious of other foes than those of nature. On one side was Fort M'Allister, its frowning ramparts crowned with heavy guns, sweeping in every direction; on the other were the fortifications at Beaulieu, covering the approaches to the Little Ogeechee.

All these dangers stood between us and the fleet, when, one morning, General Howard called for a messenger to the sea. A thousand officers and men were willing to make the venture, but he selected Duncan, who, in a dark and stormy night, with only an old negro for his companion, started on his perilous mission. How he dragged his boat over the black mud, pushed through the creek and into the bay, floated unharmed past sentinels, past torpedoes, and how joyfully he was received by the brave sailors of Admiral Dahlgren's fleet, is subject-matter for another story. The following incidents, which came under the writer's observation, occurred in North Carolina:

The enemy held the old city of Fayetteville. How much of a force was there, and by whom commanded, was a matter of doubt; but four columns of our infantry and one of cavalry were pushing rapidly upon the place. As usual, Duncan and his brave band of men were in the extreme advance. It was always an important object to save the bridges, so that we could speedily cross large bodies of troops. To do this it was necessary to press closely the retreating foe; indeed, in several instances in the late campaigns of General Sherman, the Union soldiers would gain an entrance upon a bridge when the rear of the rebels had not reached the other end. Duncan all the morning drove steadily before him a party of rebel cavalry. It was sturdy, sharp fighting, in which the rebels slowly and designedly gave ground, and, as Duncan thought, with the intention of getting all their forces across the bridge and then burning it. As they neared the town the Union soldiers could see the splendid arsenal, which crowns a height. The sight fired young Duncan's blood, and he at once resolved to make a dash into the place and save the bridge, if possible.

REV. DR. CHAPIN'S CHURCH, 45TH STREET AND 5TH AVENUE, N. Y.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

The infantry column he had led all the morning was several miles in the rear, and he knew that he must, with his few men, sustain the fight, if there was to be one. A few words spoken to his men, pistols reloaded, girths tightened, and away they charged.

Wildly but grandly they went down the sunken road, up the hill, over and through a squad of cavalry on guard there; across the bridge they clattered and thundered into the town, with a yell and hurrah; and then Duncan turned and found but sixteen of his men with him—the rest were killed or prisoners.

There was no return, so he rode on. As he passed the main streets he saw large bodies of rebel cavalry, some halting, others moving here and there. He had arrived altogether too soon, and had ridden into a town occupied by thousands of rebel soldiers. Luckily, his own and his companions' uniform was of "motley wear," partially rebel, so that they escaped general or marked notice. What was he to do? He dare not go back, and he could hear the shouts of the surprised rebel guard who were pursuing him. There was nothing left but to make an attempt to pass through the town.

In trying to do this, as fate decided it, he unwittingly chose the main street of the city. Turning a corner he came to a large hotel, on the steps of which stood General Hardee and Wade Hampton, while a crowd of staff-officers were waiting on the porch, ready to mount. The quick eye of Wade Hampton saw at once that these were Yankee riders, and jumping on his horse—an animal of immense strength and great speed—he, with his officers, shot away up the street in a direction parallel to that taken by Duncan, whose force was now narrowed down to half a dozen men.

Meanwhile the fearless scout, urging his horse by voice and spur, and firing his revolver right and left at those who opposed his progress, rode rapidly on. One rebel, who saw them approaching, deliberately aimed and fired at Duncan, but missed him. Then, in his fright, he clambered over a neighboring fence, presenting a broad yet peculiar mark for Duncan as he passed. The temptation was irresistible, and the Captain fired, with fatal success. I saw the man lying dead there two hours afterward, and wondered not a little at the peculiar nature of the wound, and the cause thereof, till Duncan subsequently told his story.

By this time the whole town was in an uproar. The rebel soldiers on all sides were mounting their animals in confusion. The women rushed wildly into and out of the houses, screaming with terror, for they all believed that poor Duncan and his six men were at least a legion. Duncan had given up all hope of escape. Not knowing which way to turn, he turned to the right, when he should have taken the left—and rode straight into Wade Hampton's arms.

That chivalrous brave was completely disgusted when he ascertained that he had not captured a general officer, but it was some consolation to know that his prisoner was the noted scout Duncan, who was recognized at once by some of the officers and men.

"He shall never have another chance to ride into a place occupied by my legion," said Hampton, and Duncan and his men were at once placed under a strong guard and marched across the river.

Let us leave him for a while, trudging along through the mud and over the rough roads, robbed of his clothing, barefooted and bareheaded, and return to Fayetteville, which a little while after his capture was occupied by our army.

General Howard's first inquiry after he entered the town was for his valued scout, Commander Duncan. He soon learned the truth, and congratulated himself that Duncan had not been killed in the fray: "For," said he, "they can't keep him prisoner; he will get away from them in a few days; I'm sure of it; he has been in the same scrape repeatedly, but always manages to escape."

Several days followed. The Union army had crossed the Cape Fear River; they had met the enemy in force at Averysborough, and had driven them back to a strongly-intrenched position. Our head-quarters were pitched close to the line of battle. Aroused from deep sleep by the heavy musketry-firing which had reopened with the dawn of day, I stepped out from my fly tent, plunged my head in a bucket of water, and as my face emerged from the refreshing bath it met a queer-looking figure which was dressed, or rather, not dressed, but partially covered with what extreme courtesy or extreme poverty might call clothes. An old pair of boots which use and ill use had deprived of heels and rent into shreds; a pair of trowsers, short and close-fitting, since they were originally made for a boy of some ten years of age; coatless and hatless; his face close shaved; his head hairless—a sorry-looking figure altogether, who might have been taken for a rebel prisoner if he were not at liberty in the camp of the general commanding.

"How are you, Major?"

Looking earnestly at the man, whose person was entirely unknown to me, at least in that shape, I replied: "You have the advantage of me, Sir; who are you, any how?"

"I'm Duncan."

"Duncan! With all my heart I'm glad to see you! I never should have recognized you. But when, how, where—that is, when did you come in, how did you get through the lines, and where have you been this week past?"

And thus this brave man told his own story from the point where we left him on the road just out of Fayetteville:

"Well, Major, I've had a tough time of it. The rebs chuckled a good deal when they caught me. They said I shouldn't get away this time, sure, and so they handcuffed me to another man. Hot, ugly work it was, marching in the sun, bareheaded, along those wretched roads. For the first few days we had a strong guard, and although I had found out that I could slip my hand through the iron ring, which must have been made for a negro, yet I thought it risky business to make a run for it. But a chance came when we were passing through that thick growth of bushes, in the swamp back here a piece, about a day's march, I reckon."

"I remember the place," said I.

"Well, when my guards turned their heads I slipped the iron and made a clean jump for the bushes. Crack, crack, crack! Three shots before I had gone ten feet. All of them came near enough, but all missed me. Ten feet more and I was up to my arm-pits in the softest of soft mud. Turning my head, I had the exquisite pleasure of gazing into the muzzle of a gun-barrel. 'Now you needn't shoot, old fellow,' said I; 'if I can get out I'll come along quiet enough.'

"I suppose it was the perfectly matter-of-fact way of stating the situation that induced the reb to raise his piece again. 'That was a bold push o' yourn,' said Johnny.

"'Yes; but you'd do as much to get free, wouldn't you?'

"Ya-a-s—cum along!'

"So I went along, a miserable and muddy object, till we reached a little place near Raleigh, where we were turned over to a strong detachment of the 'milish'—good fellows enough, and brave, perhaps, but they couldn't keep me prisoner; and so I told the boys when we were locked up in a close room in a well-guarded house.

"It was cold that day, and we clamored a great deal, swearing that they meant to freeze us. So they brought us in some wood.

"They had examined all the doors when we were first brought in, and stationed guards at the only possible places of escape—that is, all the places they saw; but I had noticed a closet in the room. You know all these Southern houses are built upon posts, or piers, several feet above the ground. When the wood was brought in the boys made a good deal of noise breaking up the wood, while I was tearing up the floor in the closet.

"An opening was soon made. Agreeing upon the route we were to take outside, one by one we slipped cautiously through the floor, and, at a given signal, rushed out. One of the guard caught me by the leg as I crept out from under the house. He was frightened, as he had a right to be, and dropped his gun, which he ought not to have done. I seized the gun—here it is—jumped over the fence and put for the woods at my very best gait. A dozen shots or so were fired at one or the other, or all of us; but I think all have escaped.

"Of course I traveled for this army, which I knew ought to be somewhere in this region. An ordinary runaway, or one new to the business, would have pushed *away* from the rebel front; but I've been in the same scrape before now, and have learned the ropes. I met lots of rebel stragglers trying to get away from the fight. I came through the lines last night without much risk, but somewhat disguised."

"So I should think," said I, wondering, if he considered himself "somewhat" disguised, how he would look when he was completely disguised.

"Jolly that! isn't it now?" continued Duncan. "Since I left Fayetteville those cursed thieves have stolen the clothes off my back three times—as often as I could beg or buy a new suit. But here I am, safe and sound, and they will have a hard fight before they catch me again."

Duncan subsequently captured a fort which covered the crossing of Cox's bridge over the Neuse. He did good service in the battle of Bentonsville. Where he now is, or what he is doing, I do not know. I am very sure there are few men who have run the gauntlet of greater dangers, have shown truer patriotism, more exalted heroism, or who have accomplished more of active individual service in the army than Duncan, who, when I last saw him, still wore the shoulder-straps of a captain.

LITTLE GIBRALTAR.

It was a lonely place. Every day, and all the day, as it seemed, the wind blew steadily from east to west, for the boughs of all the trees were bent forever toward the sunset. On three sides the sea broke sullenly against the rocks of the small promontory, and went back again, repulsed and discomfited. The house and grounds which occupied the whole of this sea-girt nook formed an estate which was called Little Gibraltar. The name was not inappropriate. Thousands of years, doubtless, had the waves stormed those gray rocks—thousands of years had the rocks stood firm and thrown them back again into the sea. One could imagine the assault going on forever—the repulse eternal.

Ten years ago it was that I saw the place first. I had a friend at school who won such foothold in my affections as no girl had ever won before. We were not intimate, as school-girls reckon intimacy. We had no secrets to tell, or, if we had, we told none. We made no rash vows by starlight and moonlight, but we liked to be together, and we had tastes and fancies in common. I have always loved beautiful women, and this Margaret O'Connor was "beautiful exceedingly."

It was not until I had known her a long time that I learned any thing of her history. When I did, I ascertained that her father was an Irish gentleman of considerable wealth, who had fled to this country years before with his bride, the daughter of a noble family, whom he had stolen, not against her will, from a convent. Leoline was the young wife's fanciful name. She had died five years after the birth of her first child, Margaret, taking with her to the world of spirits an hour-old baby. My friend could just remember her mother, and she told me that her manners were so winning and her beauty of so rare a type that the life-long effect of her loss upon the husband, who idolized her, was by no means unaccountable.

Soon after her death he had purchased Little Gibraltar, and having arranged the grounds and built the house after a certain fantastic plan of his own, had retired there with his young daughter, an efficient housekeeper, who also acted as a sort of nurse or superintendent to little Margaret, and a corps of good servants, who had ever since retained their situations.

Margaret's description of her home had abundantly excited my interest and stimulated my curiosity, and I accepted with extreme satisfaction her invitation to pass the long summer vacation—our last before graduating—at Little Gibraltar. At first I hesitated lest my intrusion should be unwelcome to the master of this strange domain; but when I was assured that his consent had been solicited and obtained before the invitation was extended I set aside my scruples and anticipated only pleasure.

The last week in June school closed. A staid serving-man came for Margaret, and took all the trouble of our baggage and bundles. We had a five hours' car ride, and then we got out at a little country station. John, the serving man aforesaid, went to a stable across the road, and came back with a sort of family coach drawn by two powerful black horses. We got inside, and he mounted the box, and off we drove. It was three miles, I should think; but long before we reached our journey's end we could see Little Gibraltar gleaming stately on its rocky height, with the sea climbing forever at its base. Margaret pointed to it, as she said, with more eagerness than she had been speaking before:

"Home, Aria!"

"*Is* it home?" I remember I asked her. "It looks to me like an enchanted castle of Mrs. Radcliffe's times. It is strange, and, in a weird sort of way, very beautiful; but it does not seem home-like."

"Perhaps it isn't, as most people reckon home-like; but it's all the home I have ever known since I was old enough to remember. I don't know where it was that I lived with my mother. It is singular that I should recall so clearly as I do her wonderful beauty and wayward grace. There is one thing I ought to tell you, Aria. My father, sane enough about every thing else, believes that he sees *her* now—that sometimes she comes and calls him, and he goes out and keeps tryst with her. I know not whether it is madness, or a clearer vision than has been given to others."

Margaret's face had kindled as she spoke, and there was such a strange, far-seeing look in her eyes that I should not have been surprised if she had told me that she, too, had this clearer vision which could pierce through the veil of mysteries.

We were near the place by this time, for John drove rapidly. The house was a rambling, castle-like building,

> "With its battlements high in the hush of the air,
> And the turrets thereon,"

built of some pure white stone, which glittered in the sunset. A long flight of winding steps led from the entrance hall to the carriage road below, and at the foot of these steps stood, ready to welcome us, Reginald O'Connor, his hat lifted, his whole manner full of courtly grace. Unconsciously I had formed an idea of him. I had fancied him a sad, silent, elderly mourner, bowed and wasted by grief, indifferent to all the small observances of life. I saw, instead, the handsomest man, the stateliest gentleman I have ever met.

He was not yet quite forty, and he scarcely looked ten years older than Margaret. He had dark eyes, penetrating, yet with a curious, dreamy, speculative look in them. His heavy black hair was brushed back from his high, thoughtful brow—a brow a little too narrow, a little wanting in the indications of combative force and strength, without which a man may be good and gifted and graceful, but never great. I had been interesting myself in Spurzheim and Lavater, so I analyzed his head and face, while he stood waiting, before the carriage stopped. I discovered that his was the temperament of a poet—that he had ideality, veneration, and a wonderful power of personal magnetism—that he could enjoy and suffer keenly, but that he lacked fortitude, and perseverance, and hope—that there was a certain weakness in his character which was consistent with the highest physical courage, but which made him helpless before that mysterious something which, for want of a better name, we call Destiny. He could never, therefore, rise above a great sorrow. If I had not made this analysis then I should never have made it afterward, for there was something about him, as I found presently, a certain nameless charm, which defied criticism.

As the carriage stopped Margaret jumped from it into his arms. He gave her a quick kiss, and then extended his hand to me.

"This is so kind of you, Mrs. Germond," he said, as he helped me out. "You are a pioneer, too—the first lady who has ever visited at Little Gibraltar. You had need of good courage."

"It did not require a great deal of courage to take me with Margaret."

He looked at me inquisitively, as if he wondered how genuine my words were. Then he smiled.

"I believe you and she do honestly love each other, in spite of all the sneers about girls' friendships. I can answer for Margaret. I have heard, for two years, of nothing but Aria, until I have learned the sweet name by heart."

He had given me his arm, and was leading me up the stairs. Margaret was running on before us, gayer than I had almost ever seen her. She looked back, nodded laughingly, and said:

"That's right, papa. Vouch to Aria for my devotion."

In a moment we stood in the entrance hall—a lofty apartment lighted by a dome, and in the midst of which a circular staircase wound upward. It was paved with tesselated marble, and hung with pictures which, as I learned afterward, Colonel O'Connor had himself painted. On one side a door was thrown open into a conservatory full of choice flowers, beyond which was a spacious library. On the other side another door opened into a large, lofty drawing-room. Into this latter apartment my host led me, having paused by the way to introduce me to Mrs. Walker—the housekeeper, to whom I have before referred, who continued to matronize and superintend the establishment. Margaret lingered a little to talk to her, and the Colonel and I walked into the drawing-room alone. Opposite the door an immense pier-glass filled the space between two great windows, and as we stepped in we saw ourselves reflected in it; I still leaning on his arm, and he bending toward me with his air of courtly deference. A sudden and curious presentiment thrilled me like a suggestion from some one unseen—a presentiment which told me that in some mysterious way my fate and his were linked. And at the same time I heard a whisper, distinct yet low, as if it came from far—"Beware!"

I seemed, in some way, to know that this whisper was not meant for me, but for my companion. I felt sure that he heard it also, for he released my hand which he had been holding upon his arm, and offered me a chair. I saw that his face was pale, and his lips had a nervous quiver. Then Margaret came in, with Mrs. Walker, and a sober, middle-aged lady's maid, ready to show me to my room; and her father told us that dinner would be served in half an hour. I thought he was glad to have us go up stairs.

My room opened out of Margaret's, and looked, like hers, toward the unquiet, shimmering sea. I refused the maid's assistance, and when my door was shut sat down a moment to look out of my window and think. The waters had a curious phosphorescent glow and glitter. They seemed mysterious and infinite as the fathomless sky which bent above them—mysterious as destiny, infinite as immortality. What puppets we human beings are for Fate to play with! I thought—beneath the dignity of actors—not knowing even our own parts, or whether it were tragedy or comedy in which we should be called to perform—whether the play were in five acts or in one.

My vacation was to be two months long. I felt as if I were going to *live* more in that time than I had in my whole life before.

I opened my trunk. My drama must begin, like many another, with dressing and dining. I had never been able to decide whether I was handsome or not—though I knew my style was unique. It was certainly not that which those unfledged youth, who haunt the steps and dog the walks of boarding-school misses, most delight in; for I had never received a compliment in my life, unless the look in Colonel O'Connor's eyes this afternoon had been one.

I had a low brow, round which the dark hair drooped heavily, a clear, dark skin, and the coloring in all respects of a brunette, except that my eyes were blue as turquoise—a bright, light blue. This contradiction between my eyes and the rest of my face made me striking, peculiar: I must try my power before I could tell whether or not it made me fascinating.

I put on a black dress which suited me, for it fell in heavy, rich folds about my figure, which was full and tall. Soft, old lace drooped over my hands, and was fastened round my neck by a brooch made of an Egyptian scarabæus, and which glittered like an evil-eye at my throat. Then I was ready, and had ten minutes more, while I was waiting for Margaret, in which to wonder as to the meaning of the strange whisper I had heard. She came for me at last, and we went down stairs.

The drawing-room was lighted now, and I noticed, as I had not before, the extreme richness and elegance of all its appointments. One would have thought that in furnishing it the master of Little Gibraltar had been arranging for gay feasts and grand festivals, instead of fitting himself up a refuge in which to hide away his sorrow.

One recognized every where traces of that exacting ideality which would not be satisfied with less than perfection. At the farther end of the room folding doors were thrown open into a dining-room, where a table glittered with plate and crystal. Colonel O'Connor met us at the door, and, giving me his arm again, took me in to dinner, Margaret following. The dinner was conducted with ceremonious stateliness, and, watching the high-bred courtesy of my host's manner, I understood in what school Margaret had acquired that grace and repose which had been at once the envy and the despair of all Madame Miniver's young ladies.

Just here I begin to feel that I have undertaken a hopeless task. I have succeeded, possibly, in conveying to you the impression of a home, fantastic but superb—of my stately host, and the friend whom I loved so well. So far words have served me; but now they begin to seem vague and pointless. They will not render the subtle shades of that midsummer experience. I can not tell you the strange spell which drew me toward Reginald O'Connor. Fascination does not at all express it—it was at once finer and stronger. Sympathy, magnetism, psychological attraction—choose your own term. I only know that I felt, in my very soul, that I had met the one man in the universe whose power over me was positive as fate.

I did not deceive myself about him in the least. I knew he was not wiser, or grander, or nobler than other men—not wise or grand, perhaps, in any high sense at all. But, just such as he was, I felt as if I would rather have been loved by him, and die, than be the living darling of any other man. All the time, too, there was the sense of entire hopelessness—the belief that he *had* loved as he would never love again—that Leoline dead was more to him than the whole living world. We passed all the days together—we three—riding, driving, rowing; and after a while, I sitting for my portrait, and Colonel O'Connor painting it. It was after one of these sittings that Margaret said to me:

"Aria, I think my father is beginning to love you. I have never seen him as he is now before. If he were not too old for you—if you *could* care for him—I think it might be to him like the elixir of life. To me, you know what it would be to have you with me always."

"You deceive yourself," I answered, with forced composure. "You have told me the effect which your mother's loss had on him, and how his whole life since has been full of nothing but her memory. He will never love again."

She looked at me curiously. I know that my

face was turning crimson under her gaze. She sprang up and kissed me with impulsive fondness.

"My darling," she cried, "I believe that you *could* love him! With you the mistress of Little Gibraltar, what a different thing life would be to me!"

She went out without giving me time to answer her; but after that she left me more alone with her father.

He painted on at my portrait, and grew absorbed in his task. He was never satisfied—he said my face changed with every change of my moods. He made me give him sitting after sitting. To-day he deepened the eyes, to-morrow he altered a wave in the hair, or changed a curve of the lashes. I began to believe that I was beautiful, as I saw myself glowing, a radiant vision, upon his canvas. One day he threw down his brush. It was the week before we were to go back to Madame Miniver. He cried, with a sort of suppressed passion,

"It does not suit me, Aria; it never will! You must give me yourself, Aria, child, darling—"

He stopped as suddenly as if an unseen hand, cold with the chill of the grave, had been laid upon his lips. His face turned white.

"Forgive me," he said, "I must go."

He went from the room. I remembered what Margaret had told me—that sometimes his dead wife called him, and he went out to keep with her a ghostly tryst. I believed that he had gone now in obedience to some such summons. I sat on where he left me. I did not dare to think what I was doing. I had a vague feeling, which I would not suffer to crystallize into a thought, that there was a rivalry between me and his dead bride for his love. Had not I a right to win? I remembered what Margaret had said. I believed that he would be better and happier with a warm, living love, in place of this haunting, ghostly memory. But I knew not which would triumph; I could only wait. At last I heard the door open, and he came to me softly in the gathering twilight.

"Aria," he said, "I love you. It is Heaven's own truth, and I have a right to tell it to you. But I am not free to ask you to be my wife—I do not know that I ever shall be. I promised Margaret's mother, when she was dying, that I would never marry again. I am bound by my vow unless she releases me from it. I thought then, Heaven knows, that it would be easy enough to keep. I loved her so well that I fancied there was no danger of my loving any one else. I should have feared loving you, least of all—you, yet in your girlhood, and my daughter's friend. But it was curious the charm you had for me from the very first. As we stood in the drawing-room that first night a whisper came to me, which I knew was Leoline's warning—'Beware!' To-day, when I began to speak to you, I heard her voice again—a sudden, imperious call, which I could not resist. I went out and saw her, as I always see her, walking to and fro upon the balconies, with her baby, a little white snow-flake, in her arms. Aria, I begged her, as I would beg for my life, to release me from that vow. She could have answered me—she has spoken to me often enough—but she only looked at me, with eyes full of reproachful pain, and her lips uttered no word."

I remembered the whisper which I too had heard, that first night, and wondered that I had not also heard to-day the voice which summoned him. Perhaps that first warning had been meant for me as well as him; but I had not heeded it. A ghostly, numbing terror began to creep over me. I sat still and did not answer him.

"For Heaven's sake, Aria, speak to me one word," he said, coming close to me. "Am I a man or a monster? I loved Leoline. She had a right to my constancy; and yet, God knows, I love you. Oh, why did you come here?"

"I *was* going next week—I *will* go to-morrow."

The words seemed to drop from my lips against my will. They sounded cold and hard. I felt as if life and sense were failing me. In a moment Colonel O'Connor was kneeling beside me.

"*Don't* look at me so, Aria. You are turning to stone before my eyes. Don't hate me—it is enough that I must hate and scorn myself—that I, who thought my honor stainless, must live to know that I have broken at least the spirit of my vow. And yet, am I to blame? I could not help loving you. But I am old and sad—I could never have won a young, fresh heart like yours."

The misery in his voice touched me indescribably. It was like the turning of a weapon in a wound. It tortured me into a sense of keen life, and gave me power to speak.

"*I* don't blame you," I said. "It was fate. But I *could* have loved you. It was a vain dream. Let us forget it and live!"

"No, I am ready to curse fate and die."

He looked into my eyes.

"Aria, this is bitterness beyond what a man can bear—to feel my happiness so near, and yet so out of reach—to love you, to feel that I could win your love, and yet to renounce you!"

He bent forward and drew me with firm hands close to him. I felt his lips on mine for one moment—fond, quivering, thrilling to the centre of my being. Then he released me.

"There, Aria, that is all. Forgive me if you can. You will not hate me I know. You shall not go back until the time comes; but you need not see me again after to-night. We should never have met, or we should have met in some other sphere. Well, child, it is possible to bear most things. Come, we can not escape life. We must go to dinner."

At the table a strange gayety seemed to possess him. He ate nothing, but he covered his lack of appetite and mine with quip and badinage and brilliant turns of thought.

After dinner he went into the library to look over the evening mail, and presently sent for Margaret.

She was with him a few moments and then came back. She looked me in the eyes like an inquisitor as she said:

"Papa has received a letter which will take him away from home to-morrow morning; we shall probably have to leave without seeing him again."

I expressed my regrets courteously, but I made no sign, nor did she ask me any questions.

We went back to school. What a mockery it seemed to me, with girlhood lying as far behind me as infancy! My thoughts ran tumultuously in one channel. I cared for none of the old delights or ambitions. I could not study. I had learned a lesson which swallowed up all others, as did Aaron's rod the rods of the Egyptians.

In the midst of term an epoch came which gave me independence—my twenty-first birthday. I was three years older than Margaret—late in finishing my studies, as, on account of my extreme delicacy in childhood, I had been late in commencing them. I was an orphan, and at twenty-one I became mistress of myself and my fortune. I should have left Madame Miniver's, but I had no tie any where so strong as the one which bound me to Margaret, and I staid on for her sake.

Early in December she came to my room with a letter in her hand.

"Aria," she said, "I am summoned home. My father is failing mysteriously. He wants me with him, and he says, 'Tell Aria that, for her own sake, I must not ask *her* to come, though her presence would be the greatest comfort?'"

What to me was "my own sake" in comparison with his comfort? What if I suffered a pang or two more? The worst suffering of all would be to know afterward that he had missed me. I went with Margaret.

We got there in time to see the last of him whom we both loved so well. We watched beside him night and day for three days, and then, in the wild winter midnight, "he heard the angels call."

He had been speaking calmly enough about his plans.

"I have given Little Gibraltar to Aria," he said to Margaret, as she bent over him. "You will be rich enough without it, and you would not care to live here. It will have a deeper worth, a different significance for her."

Then he sent her from the room, on some pretext, and talked to me.

"It is all a mystery," he said, "as strange as sad. Can a man love two women? I loved *her*. Heaven knows it, and my long, solitary years since her death have borne witness to it. And yet, if it be not love for you that is wasting my life away, what is it? We shall understand it all in the next world, I think."

"She has come to me often, since last summer. She waits for me always on the balcony outside, and I know she is there by the tune with which she hushes the baby on her breast—always the same tune—one she used to sing to me in other days. I go out when I hear it, and meet the sad upbraiding of her eyes. But she has never spoken to me since that day. I have plead a hundred times for release from my vow, but her lips will never open. I wonder if she will turn from me with horror in her eyes in the world of spirits; or whether, for her baby's father, there will be pity and forgiveness? Wrong or right, I could not help loving you; it was my fate."

I could not answer him, but I bent and pressed my lips to his mouth. Now, with him floating away from me on the unknown sea, I felt no scruples. But at the moment my lips touched his I heard, as distinctly as I ever heard any sound in my life, a strain of wild, sweet music—a tune I had never heard before. His eye kindled with recognition as he caught the sound, and he tried to rise. I turned to listen to Margaret, who was opening the door.

"Aria, the tide is going out," she said.

I looked back to the bed, and answered her:

"He has gone out with it."

And we heard the music, both of us, fainter, lower, farther and farther away, until its sweetness died on the waiting air.

Believe my story or doubt it—it does not matter. I have told it because some force outside of myself seemed to constrain me. I have never loved again—it does not seem to me that I ever shall. You see me in the winter as the world sees me, gay and careless; but I go every summer to Little Gibraltar and dream over again the old, passionate, troubled dream. Margaret comes too, sometimes, with her husband and her children; but I like best to be alone with the dead days in that nook haunted by memory, where rise the fantastic turrets, toward which the sea climbs eternally, where the white walls glitter, and the wind blows all the day, and every day, from the east toward the setting sun.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SAILOR being asked how he liked his bride, replied, "Why, d'ye see, I took her for to be only half of me, as the parson says, but dash me if she isn't twice as much as I. I'm only a tar, but she is a Tartar."

A modest minister out West marries for a drink of whisky, a dozen eggs, and the first kiss of the bride.

Two Dutchmen, who built and used in common a small bridge over a stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning some repairs which it required, and one of them positively refused to bear any portion of the expense necessary to the purchase of a few planks. Finally the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and, placing ten dollars in his hand, said:

"I'll give you all dish moneys if you'll make Hans do justice mit de pridge."

"How much will it cost to repair it?" asked the honest lawyer.

"Not more ash five tollar," replied the Dutchman.

"Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of the notes and giving him the other; "take this and go get the bridge repaired; 'tis the best course you can take."

"Yaas," said the Dutchman, slowly, "yaas, dat ish more better as to quarrel mit Hans;" but as he went along home he shook his head frequently, as if unable, after all, to see quite clearly how he had gained any thing by going to law.

HOW TO OPEN OYSTERS.—"As to opening oysters," said old Hurricane, "why nothing's easier, if you only know how." "And how's how?" inquired Straight. "Scotch snuff!" answered old Hurricane, very sententiously, "Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it ever so near their noses, they'll sneeze their lids off."

What is nothing?—A footless stocking without a leg.

WINTER SERENADE.

Oh! ask me dot to blow my dose,
  By charbidg one, by owd;
You bay dot know de baid I feel,
  It dever cad be dode!
Oh! bight we fly to other scedes,
  Or dwell id yonder star;
Oh, thed, by lovely baid, id bliss
  I'd strike by light catarrh!

The wid that blows across de boor,
  Had it a dose to blow
Wid such a cold as I hab got,
  Ah! would it blow it? Doe!
But see, the rays of cubbing dawd
  Are gleabidg od the dew;
I hear the berry bugle hord,
  By baiden fair—AT-CHIEU!

We have wondered why the Southern young men were so anxious to go to Brazil. A letter from General Wood satisfactorily explains to us the cause. "Young ladies on being introduced to a stranger insist upon being embraced, heart throbbing against heart."

"Take this dirty fellow out of the ranks and lave him in the waters of the Guadiani," said a grandiloquent colonel during the Peninsula War. After some time the corporal assigned to the wash returned. "What have you done with the man I sent with you?" inquired the colonel. Up flew the corporal's right hand across the peak of his cap—"Sure an't plaise y'r Honor, and didn't y'r Honor tell me to *lave* him in the river, and sure enough I left him in the river, and there he is now, according to y'r Honor's orders."

A Western farmer, being obliged to sell a yoke of oxen to pay his hired man, told him he could not keep him any longer.

"Why," said the man, "I'll stay and take some of your cows in place of money."

"But what shall I do," said the farmer, "when my cows and oxen are all gone?"

"Why you can then work for me, and get them back."

An enraged parent had jerked his provoking son across his knee, and was operating on the exposed portion of the urchin's person with great vehemence, when the young one dug into the parental legs with his venomous little teeth.

"Blazes! what are you biting me for?"

"Well, dad, you begined this here war."

"Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" asked a son of Erin. "Upon my life," was the reply, "I don't know whether I'm an aunt or an uncle."

A "green 'un," who had never before seen a steamboat, fell through the hatchway down into the hold of one, and being unhurt, loudly expressed his surprise: "Well, if the darned thing ain't holler!"

A PRISON.

No sun, no moon,
No morn, no night,
No sky, no earthly blue,
No distant-looking view,
No road, no street,
No tother side the way,
No dawn, no dusk,
No proper time of day,
No end to any row,
No top to any steeple,
No indication where to go,
No sight of familiar people,
No cheerfulness, no healthy ease,
No butterflies,
Nor yet no bees.

We have heard of an old Dutchman who whipped his son for swearing at him. The whipped boy still cursed, and the father whipped him again. Then the spunky little chap was silent, but looked as if the devil was in him. Thereupon the old fellow, applying the whip once more to his shoulders, exclaimed: "You don't say nothing, but I know you dink dam, and I'll wip you for dat."

A Cincinnati paper says: "Rogues find no quarters here." To which Prentice replies: "Very likely; they might search half the pockets in the city and find none."

"Isn't there an awfully strong smell of pigs in the air?" asked Smith of Jones. "Yes," replied Jones, "that's because the wind's from sow-west."

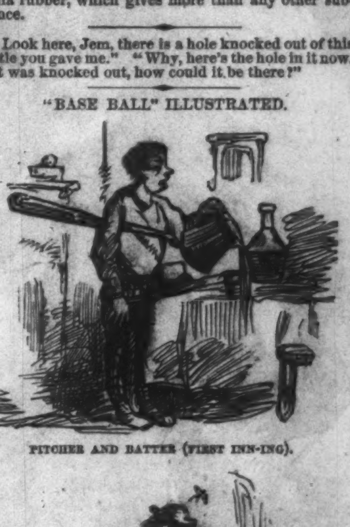
A lady, who painted her face, asked Parsons how he thought she looked. "I can't tell, Madam," he replied, except you first *uncover* your face."

A writer, dwelling upon the importance of small things, says "that he always takes notes even of a straw, especially if there happens to be a sherry-cobbler at one end of it."

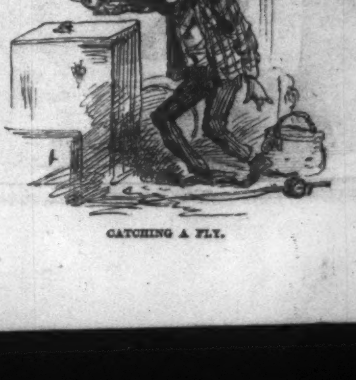
Artists have adopted different emblems of charity. We wonder none of them ever thought of a piece of India rubber, which gives more than any other substance.

"Look here, Jem, there is a hole knocked out of this bottle you gave me." "Why, here's the hole in it now. If it was knocked out, how could it be there?"

"BASE BALL" ILLUSTRATED.



PITCHER AND BATTER (FIRST INN-ING).



CATCHING A FLY.

ON HIS FIRST BASE.

HOLDING HIS SECOND BASE.

ON HIS THIRD BASE (A FLAT).

A FOWL BALL.

THE LAST INN-ING.

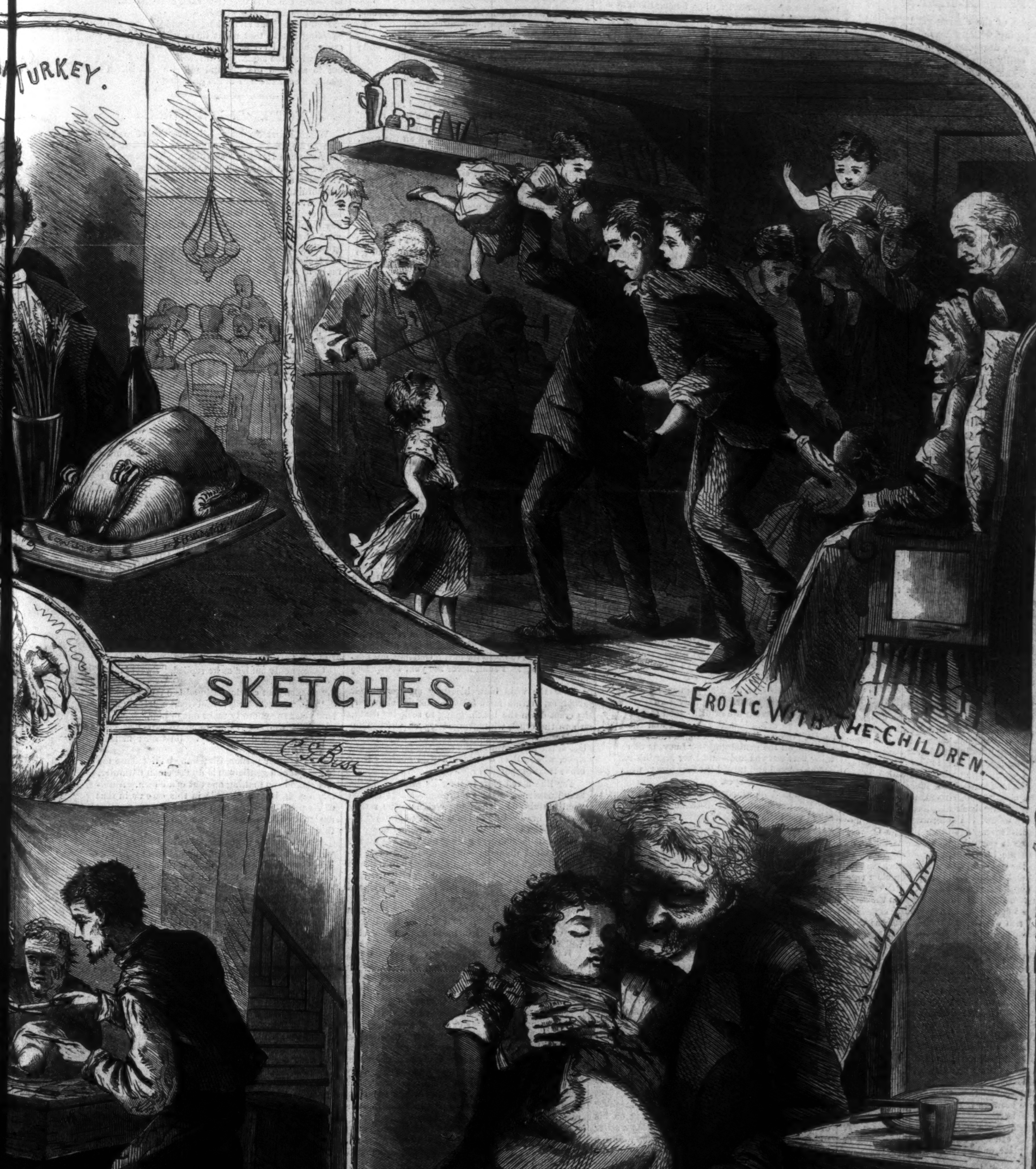
MAKING HIS "HOME RUN."

ONLY.

Beware of an "only," "'tis but," and "just one:"
These traitors have many a coward undone.
All Troy for one woman in ashes was laid;
One tree mother Eve unto ruin betrayed;
One crack will suffice that a vase be not sound;
One spark, and all London on fire was found;
One worm-eaten stick is enough for a wreck;
But one step too far, and a fall breaks our neck;
From only one word many quarrels begin;
And only this one leads to many a sin;
Only a penny wastes many a pound;
Only once more, and the diver was drowned;
Only one drop many drunkards has made;
Only in play many gamblers have said;
Only a cold opens many a grave;
Only resist many evils will save.

Two ladies from the country, on a shopping excursion, dropped into a hardware store, where agricultural implements are sold, and innocently inquired for cradles. The storekeeper said it was rather late in the season for the article, and he had sold all he purchased. The ladies looked at each other wonderingly, and whispered, laughingly, when one, turning to the blushing storekeeper, remarked: "Out of season! I thought babies were always in season."

THE RICH
THANKSGIVING
THE PREPARATION
Arrival
THE POOR


TURKEY.
SKETCHES.
FROLIC WITH THE CHILDREN.
AFTER DINNER.
N'S TURKEY
C. S. Bush

PERFECT REST.

In the quiet of the church-yard
  The weeping willows wave
Their slender, drooping branches
  In the chilly autumn air;
And the wither'd church-yard grasses,
  Above each lonely grave,
Utter sad and mournful whispers
  O'er the dead who slumber there.

In the golden months of summer
  Comes the honey-laden bee,
To hum amid the clover
  His drowsy, murmurous song;
While the yellow-hearted daisies
  Grow thick and fair to see;
And the sky looks down upon them
  With a smile the whole day long.

Then, at times, I love to wander
  Among the peaceful dead,
Where the golden-netted sunbeams
  Sleep gently on the grass;
And to think on friends departed,
  And the years forever fled;
While across the marble's whiteness
  Falls my shadow as I pass.

What calm, unbroken slumber,
  What sweet and perfect rest,
In the quiet of the church-yard
  For evermore to lie;
With the tired hands gently folded
  Across the pulseless breast,
In summer and in winter,
  While the fleeting years go by!

Not any thought of sorrow,
  Nor shadow born of care;
No eager, restless longings,
  Of this busy life a part;
No dream of proud ambition
  Can ever enter there;
Or the turbulent emotions
  That crowd the beating heart.

Sometimes when very weary,
  When the days seem dark and drear,
And my heart beats low within me,
  By a sense of grief opprest,
Then the graves within the church-yard
  More beautiful appear,
And a longing fills my bosom
  For the sweet and perfect rest.

ISAAC PENRITH'S THANKSGIVING.

The clock had just struck three. It was no trifle of bronze or ormolu; neither was it one of those quaint old sentinels of dark wood and tarnished gilding that you sometimes encounter on antique stairways, keeping ghostly guard over the tread of generation after generation. It was a trim, compact little clock, hanging where its dial, like an eye, seemed to look through the four deep-set windows of the circular stone room, and watch the tides as they swung back and forth, murmuring discontentedly around the solid masonry that upheld the light-house. A strange place, a dreary, desolate place it seemed, prison-like in its isolation, and terrific in its frowning strength. Yet even there the grace of woman's presence cast its visible sign and token. Upon the pine table a vase of late autumnal flowers glowed in velvety carmine and gold, and a round hat, decorated with the scarlet wing of a tropical bird, lay beside it.

Lucy Penrith was looking from one of the windows—a slender, pretty girl, with touches of faint crimson in either cheek, and violet-gray eyes, where the deep lights seemed to swim. Her black stuff dress was very simple; but there was a flutter of vivid scarlet ribbon at her throat, and a bunch of coral-red berries in her shining brown braids, bearing silent witness to the genuine love of the picturesque that exists in every woman's heart.

"I don't think the sea is *very* rough, father."

Isaac Penrith deliberately folded his newspaper inside out, and commenced on a new column. He was a hard-featured, rugged old man, with iron-gray hair, and a brow where the wrinkles stood out like knotted cord.

Lucy stole across the stone floor and put her dimpled face between the printed page and her father's spectacles.

"Now, father, you *will* row me across. Oh, father, I never can spend Thanksgiving evening in this dismal place, and I promised them at the farm-house!"

"Rash promises is better broken than kept," sententiously answered old Isaac.

"But it was not a rash promise, father. All the young people are to be there, and Philip Martin—"

She stopped abruptly, checked by the dark frown that corrugated her father's brow.

"Philip Martin! I tell you, Lucy, I'll hear no more idle nonsense about that boy. It was Philip Martin whose father tried to be keeper of the light-house in my stead—a bad, black-hearted man—and the boy is a branch off the old tree, I'll go bail. And—"

But Lucy was crying, with her head on her father's knee. Isaac's heart relented within him.

"I'm a cross old bear, I know," he made haste to utter, "and I'd ought to be a little more keerful what I say. Don't cry, little one—there—there! I'll row ye 'cross, if ye say so; 'tain't near dark yet, and it is ruther hard on a young gal like you to live in this stone dungeon year in and year out. I wish I hadn't told Sam he could have the day to himself. But never mind; I'll be back long afore lightin' time."

Lucy had brightened up like a rose after a shower.

"Oh, father, I am so glad! I *did* so want to go!"

She tripped backward and forward, adjusting the round hat with the scarlet wing, folding the brown shawl, and rearranging the coral berries in her hair, while old Isaac, with his fur cap on, and his hands in the pocket of his sailor coat, watched her with a proud, amused sense of proprietorship.

"She's more like one o' them foreign birds with plumage like fire, and little, glancin' ways, than she is like a human critter!" thought the light-house keeper. "I know I'm goin' clean agin' all rules and regulations, leavin' the place alone, but 'twon't be but for a few minutes, and I don't like to disappoint the gal, her heart's so kind o' sot on't! I've got to be father and mother both to the child—and she *is* a good gal, and a pretty one too, if she does happen to be Isaac Penrith's darter!"

"I'll take the flowers over, father," said Lucy, removing them from the vase, and wrapping a bit of paper round the damp stems. "There's not much left in the farm-house garden, and they'll help to make the Thanksgiving-table gay. Now, father, I'm ready!"

And as Isaac Penrith pulled the shell-like little boat out to sea, with the long, steady, vigorous strokes that betokened his daily habituation to life on the deep, he fell into a musing remembrance of the far-away Thanksgivings of his youth, with their rains of red and golden leaves, and the odor of sweet-fern in the pastures, and the old red farm-house among the bleak New England hills! And, unconsciously, the roar of the green, translucent tides became the wail of winds in upland forests, and Lucy's blooming face opposite him seemed her mother's smiling out from the mists of years.

Nor was the salt drop on old Isaac's cheek the spray from his steadily dipping oar.

Lucy Penrith sprung lightly to her feet as the keel of the boat grated softly on the smooth, shingly sand of the beach.

"You will walk up to the house with me, father. See how high the sun is!"

Isaac stooped and secured his boat to a huge projecting rock by means of a loop of heavy rope.

"I'll go," he said, briefly, adding within himself; "and if Phil Martin's there, I'll bring her back with me again. I don't like *his* father's son!"

The old brown house stood a little way back on the beach, with a smooth stretch of silvery sand in front, and a cluster of black-green cedars in the rear, tossing their plumy heads about in the blustering, salt-scented gale, and a group of merry-makers, young and old, in their Thanksgiving habiliments, were in the porch awaiting the arrival of the new-comers.

"Oh, Lucy, we thought you never were coming!" said a bright-eyed little damsel, whose hair was blowing about her face like a mist of rippled gold! "What made you so late? And Phil Martin—"

Lucy's appealing, frightened glance stopped the half-uttered sentence short; but Isaac Penrith had caught its meaning.

"Lucy," he said, drawing his daughter aside as the whole group hurried merrily into the house once more, where a fire of drift-wood blazed redly in the huge old-fashioned fire-place, and the "old people," in caps and brass-buttoned suits, were purring around the genial glow—"Lucy, is there any thing between you and—and Dorr Martin's son?"

She colored and turned her face away, while the tears sprang to her eyes.

"Tell me," he urged, sternly grasping her arm; "I will have no more half-confidences! Has he asked you to be his wife?"

"Yes, father."

"And you—what answer did you make?"

"Father," simply answered Lucy with her violet eyes raised to his, "I love him!"

"Child," said Isaac Penrith, "conquer this idle folly as best you may! I *never* will give my daughter to Philip Martin. So now you know my will and determination in the matter."

"But, father—"

He turned abruptly away, releasing Lucy to the demands of half-a-dozen pleading, bird-voiced girls, while he himself briefly declined the kindly offers of hospitality that beset him on every side.

"I must be goin' back, friends," he said.—"'Twasn't fairly right to come over, but Lucy was so set on't, and I mustn't lose no more time. By the looks o' the clouds we'll have a stormy night, and the Lord help them that are out to sea along this cruel shore!"

And so he bade the revelers a "Good-night!" and looked his last at the ruddy glow of the drift-wood fire and Lucy's sweet face, flushed by its radiance—or something else—as she stood adjusting a late rose in Barbara Cliffe's gold-misted hair!

"I'll walk down to the shore with ye, neighbor Penrith," said old Truman Cliffe, pulling on his dreadnought coat. "Somehow, I've been a sailor so long, I can't bear to keep indoors when the wind is blowin' up like it does now!"

The late autumnal sunset was fringing the over-hanging clouds with sullen fire—such fire as burns itself out in stormy reflections, leaving a track like bloody footsteps across the tides—the winds were moaning sullenly along the barren shore, and the distant thunder of the ground-swell sounded like the grand bass chords of Nature's organ!

"You're right, Isaac," said Truman Cliffe, "it's goin' to be an awful night! There's mischief in them clouds; and if ever there was murder in the sound o' the breakers, it's there to-night! Why, what's the matter?"

For Isaac Penrith had uttered a cry that made the old sailor's blood grow chill in his veins.

"The boat! Merciful Father! the boat is gone!"

It was true; the loop had somehow become loosened and the little bark was rocking somewhere on the waves, beyond sight or sound.

"Truman, I must have *your* boat, and as quick as possible. The sun is nearly down; but I can reach the light-house yet before lighting time!"

He spoke in a husky voice, while the beating of his heart seemed like the strokes of a muffled drum.

Truman Cliffe turned a white, dismayed face toward his old companion.

"Our boat is down to Kilcoran, with Jared and his girls: they won't be back till to-morrow mornin'!"

There was an instant's silence, then Isaac spoke, still in the same hoarse, unnatural voice.

"Is there no other boat I could get?"

"There's Hugh Donnelly's down to the Point; but that's two miles off!"

"I'll go for it!"

Truman stopped him, as he was turning blindly toward the shore.

"No, Isaac, you're lame and stiff, and I'm a good walker. Keep your strength for the hard rowin' you'll have to do, and I'll be back as quick as mortal man can go and come. Sit down on the rock, old friend, and rest—you're tremblin' like a leaf!"

Isaac Penrith obeyed, mechanically, and dropped his head upon his hands, sitting motionless while the bloody track upon the waves grew purpler and more indistinct, and the far-off thunder of the ground-swell seemed to mutter menaces in his ear.

Two miles away! and the brief twilight was already setting in! How slowly Truman Cliffe plodded along; and yet those idiots on the shore had always called him a swift walker. He would go himself, and he started up, but only to sink back again weak and helpless.

"I have no strength left," he thought. "I must wait. I must wait for that snail to creep along the sands. They were right; it will be a fearful night at sea! And there is no light in the light-house to warn homeward-bound ships off the reefs!"

As he closed his eyes he could almost see the stately ships drifting upon their death, and going to pieces along the sunken rocks, while their crew were looking out in vain for the red signal star of danger! He could hear the creak and groan of shivering timber—the crash of mast and yard-arm—the dying shriek of human creatures! He shuddered convulsively.

"And I shall be a murderer! O God! why did I desert my post?"

And in this moment of agony and repentance Dorr Martin's mocking face rose up before him, full of evil exultation.

"He always said I could not be trusted, and he was right!"

Dorr Martin's triumph was the bitterest drop in the bitter cup that Isaac Penrith drained to the dregs that stormy night!

"The sun has set—the hour of grace is past," he muttered to himself. "I will not live to have widows asking me where are the husbands who perished on those reefs—I will not look little children in the face and hear them whisper that *I* murdered their fathers! I will not see Dorr Martin triumph in my ruin! No, better a quiet grave at the bottom of the deep sea than a life of remorse and dishonor! My little Lucy had better mourn me dead than live to blush for me! Good-by, my fair-haired darling! I shall never see your bonny face more!"

How the wind blew his gray uncovered hair about, as, murmuring a faint half-forgotten prayer, he crept down the beach, going to seek his death, where the cruel, white-fringed waves writhed up along the shore! An instant he paused, to look a last adieu to the world, the sky, the far-stretching shore, when all of a sudden a wild hoarse shriek broke from his parched lips.

For like a red star, trailing its glory along the tumultuous sea, the light of the light-house streamed upon his vision! The danger signal—the steady finger of fire held up to bid a hundred crafts "Beware!"—the beacon for which many and many an anxious helmsman was gazing out into the night! He was not dreaming—his senses were not benumbed—yet the light was all ablaze in its huge crystal lantern, and he was guiltless of the weight of crime and misery that had so nearly weighed him down!

When Truman Cliffe rowed up to the shore, an hour afterward, he found Isaac Penrith kneeling on the wet sand, with his forehead against the chill white rock.

"Well, I say for't!" ejaculated Truman. "You hain't been to the light-house and back, 'cause you hain't wings, and none but a bird could ha' done it! Who lighted up?"

"I don't know. Give me the oars, Cliffe."

Truman stared, but made room for the keeper and gave up the oars. Not a word was exchanged between them as Isaac rowed with giant strokes, and the little boat danced over the troubled billows swift and light as a floating leaf. Nearer and nearer glowed the gigantic star—closer and closer its glory seemed to shine—until at length Isaac Penrith sprang upon the stone ledge and rushed two steps at a time up the iron stairway into the lantern-room.

There, with his feet on the fender, composedly looking over the columns of the newspaper, sat a young man. He rose as Penrith entered the room.

"Philip Martin!"

"Mr. Penrith!"

"You—*you* lighted the signal?"

"I did. I came over to bring Lucy to shore, and I found the light-house empty. Of course I concluded something was wrong, so I went on duty myself until I should hear from some of you."

Isaac Penrith wrung the young man's hand.

"Philip—if—if there had been no light on the Reefs all this night your father would have been keeper to-morrow, and I should have been a ruined man!"

The deep color rose into Philip Martin's cheek.

"If I had been a villain, Mr. Penrith, I should not be Philip Martin!"

"God bless you, Philip; God bless you!" murmured the old man. "I shall never forget this kindly office you have done me!"

"And Lucy?"

"Lucy is over at Cliffe's. Take the boat, Phil, and go join her! Truman is below! And, Philip—"

"Sir?"

"Tell her—well, tell her what you like!"

The old man smiled faintly as he saw the warm flush deepen on Martin's bronzed cheek, and the next moment he was alone.

Philip knew that the coveted prize was his at last—and the little boat flew back over the waves almost like an enchanted bark.

And throughout all the length and breadth of the rejoicing nation that night there was no Thanksgiving half so fervent as that breathed in the light-house when the signal star threw its fiery lines far out to sea, and the fog and mist brooded like a phantom over the face of the great deep.

NOT BORN FOR WORK.

When I first commenced the practice of medicine in Pagefield, being unmarried, I boarded at the American Hotel in that village. There was a waiter at that house who was sufficiently peculiar, viewed *as* a waiter, to make him seem quite like an extraordinary character. Where he came from, or what were his antecedents, nobody knew, and nobody could learn. He always avoided answering any queries put to him on that subject, either by most absurd and impossible statements which the greediest incredulity could not fail to perceive were but "chaff," or by a quiet and dignified refusal to reply at all. He was apparently well educated, and had various gentlemanly accomplishments of that sort calculated to adorn and enliven the daily life of a man of wealth and leisure. He was a fine singer, a fair pianist (though he played only accompaniments to his own vocalism), and he could make a capital after-dinner speech, when called on to do so, as he often was. He could also write very fair poetry, and not a few of his songs were of his own making, both words and music. Yet (strangely enough, every body thought) he never sought in any way to make his talents serve him pecuniarily. He waited at table with consummate grace, and never did any other work. His hands were white and slender. His personal appearance was fine, and his clothes always of a certain shabby-genteel sort—never new—a new garment was a thing George Cantwell never possessed; his wardrobe being composed wholly of the cast-off apparel of gentlemen who boarded at the hotel.

George was a universal favorite among the guests at our house. His manners were usually extremely winning, while the accomplishments I have spoken of made him a pleasant companion. In common with the rest I also liked George, and before I had known him long I conceived the enterprise of trying to get his confidence, and if possible "make a man of him."

One evening I was a bit unwell, and George brought a tray of tea-things to my room. It was on this occasion that I resolved to drop a sounding-line.

"George," said I, "you are a man of too much ability to be living at a hotel as a table-waiter. Did you know that, Sir?"

George only smiled as he replied, "Sweet is flattery, doctor."

"A man that can be flattered is a fool," said I.

"Oh, not necessarily," said George, "though it's true you can generally make one of him."

"Well, I'm not trying to make a fool of you, George. Quite the contrary. I'd rather make a gentleman of you."

"I beg your pardon, Sir; but you'll excuse me if I say that a gentleman is a gentleman naturally, and there is no making one out of a clown. *Nascitur, non fit*, is as applicable in this case as in that of the poet, Sir. If a man is a gentleman, no mere external circumstances in life can make him any thing else."

"Not even the circumstance of his being a table-waiter. I see what you mean, and I beg your pardon, George. Certainly there is no reason why a table-waiter should not be a gentleman. I blundered there—I used the wrong word—I meant to have said that I would like to 'make a man of you,' and you know just what that phrase signifies. You are fit for something better than this. It is a shame that a man of your parts should rest contented, year after year, in the position of a hotel-servant."

"Did you ever know me to say that I *was* contented, Dr. Benson?" spoke up George. "I am biding my time, Sir. My luck will come some day."

"Your luck will come! What do you mean by that? Luck, in this country if nowhere else, consists in taking hold and working out your fortunes with the ability that lies in you. Luck! That is a word for imbeciles and vagabonds. Labor! There's the word for a man who means to be a man. Well-directed and persistent labor will fight its way to success while luck stands shivering, waiting and waiting, like Micawber, for 'something to turn up.' Turn up something yourself—that's the motto! You ought to adopt it. If you don't you'll be a table-waiter all the days of your life—provided you don't chance to get too superannuated, and have to play pauper in the poor-house. That's the road *luck* leads a man."

Cantwell stood biting his nails. It was plain I had touched his pride, and that was just what I meant to do, supposing that he had any true pride in his character at all.

"Dr. Benson," said he, in a low, earnest voice, such as I had never heard him use before, "your language is such as to tempt a man to reply in a like strain, but I don't want to be impudent to you, Sir. I try to bear my place always in mind, though it isn't often that I'm as strongly tempted as I am to-day to stand up straight and assert myself as good a man as any other. But I haven't kept my secret all this time to let it out now. I'll say this to you, however—I was *not born for work*. I am biding my time, as I said before. The day will come when I shall not need to lift my hand, and until then I mean to do just as little work as I possibly can. I hate it. Men who have got their way to make in the world may work if they want to, and wear themselves out in half a lifetime. It is my belief that I was born for a life of ease, and I'll do nothing to trench on my future capacities for enjoyment when my luck does come."

During this speech I stared at the young man with growing wonder. Such a case of stupid in-

fatuation I thought I had never witnessed. When he was done, however, I only said:

"I suspect you're talking nonsense, George. That'll do." And I pushed away the tray.

He gathered up the tea-things and left me.

I was puzzled by the confident manner of the man. It was clear to my mind that he was laboring under some strong hallucination. I wondered if he bought lottery-tickets.

When I asked him about that he put aside the imputation with a quiet smile; he had no need to buy lottery-tickets, he said.

What could the fellow mean?

My practice was one of the most prosperous that ever fell to a country physician, I think; and once (it was not long after the conversation above given) I decided to make another effort to lift Cantwell out of his slough by offering him a place in my office.

"I will give you every opportunity for study, George, and will pay you enough to keep you respectably in the mean time. With your readiness you should be qualified to commence practice as my assistant before a great while."

"Medicine," said Cantwell, in reply, "is an eminently respectable profession; but it is far too laborious for me. I'm much obliged to you, Doctor, but I have no occasion to accept your kind offer."

I was nearly disgusted with the man.

"Well, go your way," said I. "I give you up."

"I hope you're not offended with me, Doctor," said George, wistfully.

"Offended? Why, it's your own affair, man. You hurt nobody but yourself by throwing yourself away. You might as well be old Dan" (a well-known idiot about the village) "for all the good your abilities do you. What benefit is it to you, George Cantwell, that you can set a table in a roar with an after-dinner speech, or sing a song, so long as you are nothing but what you are? Old Dan uses the talents God gave him at least!"

"And do *I* make no use of what I have?" said Cantwell, in a low tone. "I have just one object, Doctor, to make the people I come in contact with *like* me. If I have any talents that can help me in that direction, I am very glad. More than that I don't ask. I am pretty well liked, am I not?"

"Yes, they like you, no doubt—just as they like a dog that can do smart tricks; but they don't forget that it is a dog. They don't respect you, George. They would, though, if you acted like a man, and made something of yourself."

"They will respect me fast enough, Sir, when my—when the time comes. I'll hold up my head with the best of them yet."

"George's luck" grew at last to be a favorite by-word among the young men about town. "When George Cantwell comes into his fortune," was a popular way of promising any thing that the speaker had not the remotest intention of performing, or in expressing the superlative of incredulity regarding the success of any chimerical enterprise.

Meantime, you could see George hanging about the public room of the hotel any day, between the hours for meals, with his shabby-genteel broadcloth carefully brushed, his face clean shaved (excepting his long, sleek side-whiskers), and a tooth-pick between his lips—talking about horses, about dogs, about women, about any thing that hotel-loungers are in the habit of idly discussing. He was *au fait* in the art of small-talk on all such matters, and one could scarcely resist the impression that he was some eccentric man of property, capable of investing untold sums in these objects of his fancy, if he only would. Newly-arrived strangers, traveling gentlemen, have been often known to get into conversation with him of an evening, and suppose him to be some just such gentleman of leisure, and manifest respect for him accordingly; and when they saw him the next morning at the breakfast-table with a white apron on, they would stare at the apparition with a high degree of astonishment. I recollect observing him in conversation with such a stranger once, when I took occasion to speak to George because I saw him spit blood, and my professional interest was awakened for the moment. He said, however, that he thought the blood came from his teeth, and when I alluded to his lungs, he laughed at the idea of their being unsound, with *his* vocal power. Certainly he seemed robust enough.

It was about the time that Professor Carlincourt Lowe was making his preparations for that grand balloon-voyage to Europe, which never came off, that a group of men were discussing the novel project, sitting in the shade of the American piazza, on a warm summer afternoon.

"Yes," remarked one, sarcastically, "I believe he'll get to Europe—I do—just as firmly as I believe in George's luck. They will be synonymous happenings, will those two interesting events."

The messenger-boy came up the street at that moment, bringing from the post-office the letters for the hotel by the afternoon mail.

"Letter for you, George," said the boy, selecting one from the pile in his hands, and tossing it to Cantwell.

George tore the letter open eagerly, glanced over it, and turned pale. Then the blood rushed to his face and he sprang to his feet.

"It's arrived at last!" he cried.

"What has?" queried the sarcastic individual, giving him a sharp look.

"*What* has?" echoed George. "What has? Why, Lowe has—and his balloon—they've arrived in Europe! Ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed like a crazy man.

"Hanged if the fellow isn't gone mad!" said the other. "Let me see that letter, George."

"That letter, Mr. Safford," said George, with a lordly air, "is the private property of George Cantwell, Esquire, at present of Pagefield, next of kin to the late lamented Philip Cantwell, of Cantwell Manor, Lancashire, England. Come and drink with me, friends! George's luck has come at last for sure!"

Yes, George had really come into his "luck." We could with difficulty believe it. But if we had entertained any doubts as to the genuineness of the letter, we could have none as to that of its inclosure—a draft for $500 in gold on a well-known New York banking-house. The letter was from a Manchester lawyer, and inclosed the above sum to enable the heir to take passage at once for England and enter upon the possession of his property, a vast estate in Lancashire.

"So I was right, was I, Doctor?" George asked me that night, with glowing eyes and a flushed face.

"It seems so, George," said I, "right to the extent of having expected a legacy, and having received it. I congratulate you."

"I accept your congratulations, Dr. Benson," George responded in a somewhat grandiloquent tone—he had been drinking, I perceived—"and I have but one favor to ask of you; namely, that you will remember that my name is Mr. Cantwell now, and that 'George' went out with the white apron this day resigned."

"All right, George," said I, laughingly; "I beg your pardon—Mr. Cantwell."

He bowed gravely.

"When do you leave us?" I added.

"In about a week," said he.

"So long! I'm glad you are in no hurry, George—that is, Mr. Cantwell—for I want an opportunity for some sober conversation with you. But I confess I expected you would be off by to-morrow's train."

"So I should have been, perhaps," said he. "But the truth is, the citizens of Pagefield, and more particularly the guests of the American hotel, are going to give a complimentary dinner to George Cantwell, Esquire, on the occasion of his departure for Europe."

With this sublime announcement George walked away, puffing a choice cigar. He had scarcely been a moment without a cigar between his lips since getting the news. Also, he had not been sober a moment. Habitual drinking had never been one of George's faults; but now he spent most of his time in the bar-room, surrounded by a circle of fast young men, who rejoiced in the sunshine of the whilom table-waiter's "luck." Popular as he had been before, he was far more popular now. For yielding to the influence of this sort of thing on the first day of his sudden wealth I was not disposed to judge George harshly; but when I saw the thing resumed next morning I felt grave fears for him. But was it my place to lecture him on his habits? My previous attempts to guide him had been thrown away. While I was still undecided on that point, however, chance gave me an opportunity to whisper a word in his ear, and I spoke on the impulse of the moment:

"It seems you are saved from the danger of becoming a pauper, George; beware lest you become a sot."

He was under the influence of liquor at the moment, and his eyes flashed an angry look on me; but he said nothing. The word was not wasted. George checked himself, and set about the arrangements for the forth-coming dinner at once. It was an affair of his own conceiving entirely, just as I supposed; but he had ample assistance in carrying it out from his new-born satellites. At his expense cards of invitation were issued, and the forth-coming feast was duly itemized in the Pagefield *Press*, which had a very flattering item on the "Singular Freak of Fortune" in its current issue.

The dinner was an elegant affair. George presided with a grace that seemed to sit upon him naturally. There were toasts and speeches and songs, of course; but the memory of the occasion is to me a blank in all things save its catastrophe.

In response to a toast to "Our departing friend—may joy go with him!" George arose to his feet, his eyes blazing with wine and enthusiasm:

"Ladies and gentlemen—kind friends all," he said, "I need not tell you, in the hackneyed phrase with which every ear is familiar, how true it is that this moment is the proudest of my life. It is a moment of triumph to me. For years I have filled a position in life that circumstances thrust upon me, and, confident in the ultimate arrival of that good-fortune which I knew fate had in store for me, listened with patience and without expressed resentment to the jeers which invariably accompanied all allusions to 'George's luck.' But he who has a definite purpose in life, and who is confident of his future, can rise superior to all external influences which seek to swerve him from the pursuit of his ideal. There were those"—and here the speaker turned upon me a meaning glance—"who sought to induce me to use my little talents in labor. I said to such, as I say to you and to all the world, let those labor who must. That it is any part of man's duty to labor I boldly deny. Labor is only a means to an end. For myself I hate it with an honest hatred, and I have never in my life performed any more of it than I felt obliged to by my temporary circumstances. If the truth were known, I strongly suspect that this sentiment would be found to be of universal prevalence among men; and they only labor because they feel their necessities goading them to it. But as for me, confident in the traditions of my childhood, I knew I was not born for work; why should I exhaust or impair my life-energies by toil? No! From the earliest dawnings of a conscious appreciation of life in its true sense I have had but one end in view—the husbanding of my life-sources against the arrival of my coming good-fortune. Now, that day has come! It is my day of triumph! And who shall say to me in this proud hour that I have neglected my duty in the past by avoiding toil and care? I stand here to-day in abounding health and strength, with all my capacities for enjoyment sharpened to the keenest edge by the patient waiting of all these years. Friends I have many; enemies I have none; with health and wealth, an uncorrupted heart, and a head untrammeled with the musty webs that base toil spins for its victims, I shall realize the height of all enjoyment which this world provides for its favored few. Before me there stretches the alluring and delightful avenues of Pleasure!"—his voice rising steadily as he spoke, his excitement deepening with each rounded period, his arms now outstretched eagerly toward the vision his fancy was picturing, while his eyes glowed with a wonderful light—"the goddess of mortal delights beckons me, and my soul responds to her enchanting gestures! Henceforth, thou goddess beautiful, I am thine, and I spurn the groveling earth that would enchain me! Thine—thine—"

He reeled as he stood, and groped in the air with his outstretched hands like one suddenly stricken blind. Then a crimson tide gushed from his mouth, and he fell to the floor, his fall broken by my arm as I sprang to his side. In five minutes he was dead. Under the influence of this strong excitement he had ruptured an artery, and was almost instantly suffocated by the copious effusion.

I have not told this story, said the Doctor, with any direct purpose of "pointing a moral." Stories and poetry "prove nothing." But I must confess that my respect for labor has been in no way lessened since that hour when poor George died at the gate of his fancied Paradise; nor have I ever in my life, since that hour, felt one shadow of discontent flit across my heart at the lot which tells me I was born for work.

THE WAVE.

A WAVE came rolling in to'ard the land,
To the level beach where the yellow sand
Shone in the red sun's golden light:
Tall, majestic, and full of might,
Crested with silver and looking so grand,
Came this wave of the sea to'ard the beautiful land.

High it lifted its sparkling crest,
Smote with an arrow out of the west;
Where the purple clouds by the wind uprolled,
Their turrets flaming with sunset gold,
Stood like castles around the sun
When the autumn day was nearly done.

Out on the ocean white sails were seen,
Flashed with the sunset's rosy sheen;
And over the surf on the harbor bar,
Bright and clear shone the Evening Star,
As crested with silver and looking so grand
Came that wave of the sea to'ard the beautiful land.

High and higher it rose in its strength,
Near and nearer it came, till at length
It reached the edge of the shining shore
With a sudden leap and a sullen roar,
And scattered all over the glittering strand
The tidings of wrecks it had brought to land.

And I thought as, silent, I gazed on these
Of some fair ship sailing the boisterous seas,
Lifted aloft on a towering wave
While the cold storm beats and the wild winds rave;
Of a pitiless sky without moon or stars;
Of shattered masts and of broken spars.

I thought of passengers crowding the deck
Of the brave ship fated to be a wreck;
Of faces stony with mute despair;
Of the thrilling cry and the muttered prayer;
Of struggling forms that the cruel wave
Enfolds in a wild and watery grave.

And I thought in turn of the ocean of life
With its frequent storms and its infinite strife;
Of the countless wrecks that are drifting there
That went on the voyage with hopes so fair,
That are drifting on toward the unknown shore
Of that land unseen which is lying before.

Oh wave of the sea that came rolling this way,
Looking so grand at the close of day,
What tidings of wrecks are these you have brought?
What merciless deed has the ocean wrought?
But no answer came save the sea's dull roar
As the blue waves broke on the darkening shore.

THE DUTIES OF AN ENGLISH LADY'S MAID.

ONE of these not-to-be-envied persons, a race which may be classed with that of governesses, has recently made disclosures throwing a peculiar light upon the women of rank in "Old England." "Much is required from us in London," she writes. "We must, above all, be very punctual, for fashionable ladies change their dress at least five times a day during the season. We must have polished manners, be no older than thirty-five years, and always be cheerful and good-tempered, although for weeks we are kept without sleep until four o'clock in the morning—a practice which is equally injurious to eyes and lungs. We are expected to cut and fit and to use the most improved machine, and to dress hair for the morning, evening, and court costume as well as for the drive; to iron well, to read, write, cipher; to speak French and German, and, if possible, to have traveled. There is still another function of a lady's maid which is supposed to be a modern introduction, but which is in fact merely a revival of an ancient custom. We must be able to paint in pastel, not indeed *after* Nature, but *upon* her. To beautify our mistresses we must redden the cheeks, put antimony upon the eyelids, pastel upon the brows, introduce belladonna into the eyes in order to enlarge the pupils, paint blue veins upon the temples, and use ninon paint and pearl white upon the rest of the skin. We must change the hair to a reddish brown by means of a corroding material or of "palma vecchio," which is now used in preference for that purpose; and we must be possessed of great skill in applying all these ingredients, as their use is universal with the old as well as with the young.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT-ON-THE-WING."

Dear Harper's Weekly:

I staid up all night about two weeks ago, according to the recommendations of the Astronomers and the newspaper men, to see the "stars fall," or, as the Astronomers put it, the "Meteoric Shower." I don't think it paid me. I have heretofore found no difficulty in sitting up to get the election returns; but to sit up till 3, or perhaps 5 o'clock in the morning, to see such an unexciting object as a star fall, and no money in it, required one to be in the spirit. The following "Diary," which I kept of this important astronomical event, will do to refer to in all future time, as well for the Philosopher as for the Director of the Fire and Police Telegraph:

TEN O'CLOCK P.M.—MARY commenced setting the table in the library previous to my making observations in reference to the stars. I asked her for the key of the side-board, that I might look there for my opera-glasses. Did look there, and removed some other glasses to the table. I did not see the opera-glasses. Looked out of the window and saw but one "star" in the street—Policeman 28.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK P.M.—Door-bell rings. Arrival of NED, who came according to promise to watch the stars with me. NED thinks they are best seen through "smoked glass," as the sight might otherwise hurt our eyes. We therefore lighted our cigars, and began to smoke the glasses and the window-curtains. Looked out of the window; even "star" 28 had disappeared. NED suggested that we try

LOOKING THROUGH THE GLASSES.

TWELVE O'CLOCK, MIDNIGHT.—We are now joined by ALECK, who is of the opinion that the stars might fall in advance, and that we had better watch very closely the first hours of the morning. ALECK was shown the glasses we had prepared for the purpose, and looked through one of them. We heard a noise in the street, and all rushed to the window, and there was

ONE FALLEN STAR

in charge of policemen 28 and 40, which NED said (who will have his little joke) was a Meet-her (hic) display on the part of the city stars. We all turned away from the sight, and ALECK proposed that we go through some calculations, and examine the glasses, and passed a glass to me for my inspection. After examining the glasses, looked again out of the window, and found the atmosphere quite hazy.

ONE O'CLOCK A.M.—It becomes more apparent from the phosphorent appearance of things that the stars or something is going to fall. NED suggests that we all look out of the window

AS THE ARTISTS DO AT THEIR PICTURES,

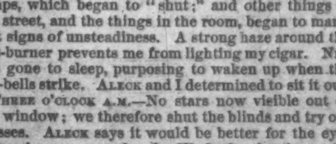
and see if we can discover any thing in the heavens of a peculiar character. After standing—if it might be called standing—in that position for some time, ALECK said he saw something that looked to him like

THE CONSTELLATION OF THE "GREAT BEAR," OR "JOB'S COFFIN."

We all finally saw it, when it sank suddenly below the horizon and disappeared. We got down from our positions, feeling a little unsteady from over-exertion in the cause of science, when we again returned to examine our glasses, found them empty, filled them, and again commenced observations.

TWO O'CLOCK A.M.—Things becoming more hazy, both indoors and out; evidences of the "meteoric display" begin to thicken, as also does the atmosphere in our room. The glasses now looked and tasted "smoky." ALECK called my attention to the street lamps, which began to "shut;" and other things in the street, and the things in the room, began to manifest signs of unsteadiness. A strong haze around the gas-burner prevents me from lighting my cigar. NED has gone to sleep, purposing to waken up when the fire-bells strike. ALECK and I determined to sit it out.

THREE O'CLOCK A.M.—No stars now visible out of the window; we therefore shut the blinds and try our glasses. ALECK says it would be better for the eyes if the glasses were colored. We both color them with a decoction of logwood and other stuff. Both begin to think that we see stars.



THIS IS ABOUT THE TIME WE SHOULD SEE THEM.

Try two more colored glasses, and the display becomes beautiful. ALECK moves a vote of thanks to the "Astron (hic) astronomers, and to the Telegraph fo-fo (hic) folks for the beau-beau (hic) beautiful dispa (hic) ay."

We now think we hear a ringing in our ears, which we take for the alarm-bells, signifying that the "shower" is taking place. We waken up NED, but we can't find the window. We conclude, therefore, to postpone looking out of doors for the present, and to continue our observations indoors in the colored glasses, as our success heretofore has been altogether in that direction.

SEVEN-AND-A-HALF O'CLOCK A.M.—It is now morning. The time since three o'clock has passed very rapidly. With ALECK and NED it is still passing, as their snoring is audible in every part of the room. The chairs and movable furniture bear evidences of a very restless night. I myself do not feel entirely rested, and am of the opinion that time spent in investigating meteorical phenomena is not warranted by the results.

You may print these few notes if you think they will help the cause of science, of which I am a disciple.

Your own C. O. W.

THE VETERAN ROOSTER.

THE fondness that officers and men manifest for pets is a peculiarity. One of the most noted pets in the army was a rooster named "Jack."

A hero of many battles was Jack. He was captured—no, he was not captured, for his proud spirit could not have survived a conquest—he came to the head-quarters of General B——, at Atlanta, a haughty monarch of the barn-yard, in all the glory of red, yellow, and purple feathers, with dignified step and a glowing crimson crest. From the moment he joined the General's staff he was the pet and pride of officers and men; and nobly did he justify their care and affection, for he never failed to maintain the championship over his fellows. In the capitol of Georgia, on the banks of the Ogeechee, at Savannah, Columbia, and Raleigh, in the early morning, during the brief halt at noon, after the tents were pitched for the night, in many a combat, in the perilous assault, although sometimes exhausted from repeated efforts, in all the long march of that Grand Army he never was defeated; the roosters of a Cobb, a Leman, a Rhett, a Hampden, were pitted against him—one and all were beaten. He never lowered his head nor drooped his tail so long as a feather remained there; while the corpses of a hundred combatants enrich Southern soil, or were consigned to the tender attention of the cook ere life was extinct.

When the army arrived at Raleigh Jack was still the champion, although it may not be said that he wore the "belt;" for in the course of numberless beak-peckings and spur-piercings the feathers of Jack's poor body had become reduced to half a dozen, so that to the eye of the stranger he appeared to walk about the head-quarters camp as if inviting the cook's attention to his admirable condition for pot or spit. But although Jack's feathers had flown and his spurs had worn off at the leg, and his once proud crest had become bald with fight and age, yet his eye was undimmed and still sparkled defiance to every crowing cock. At Raleigh Jack's owner fixed his quarters at the house of one of Lee's generals, who was paroled at the surrender. Attached to his ménage was a famous fighting rooster. In the warmth of the new friendly relation then springing up between Union and rebel soldiers, he kindly advised General B—— to take his rooster off the premises or he would get killed. General B—— thought that a rooster that had made the Grand March could whip any thing that came out of Virginia, even if that State had the name of the Mother of Presidents, so the fight was at once brought about. In ten minutes the Virginian was lying prostrate in the dust, and at once executed for culinary purposes, while Jack, perched upon an orderly's arm, who gently stroked his breast, crowed with exultation and delight.

But Jack was destined to meet an opponent which has before now overcome a more redoubtable enemy than roosters. When the army were marching home, Jack's brigade went into camp one night by the side of the railroad. As our veteran was meandering about the grounds, no doubt upon some laudable intent, a locomotive halted near by and began backing and advancing at a water-tank. Jack observed its movements, and acting upon a well-recognized principle of war, assumed the offensive, pitching into the locomotive with great fury. The fight was animated, but of brief duration; an unlucky turn of the wheel cut off dear brave old Jack's head, and he, too, became a dead rooster.

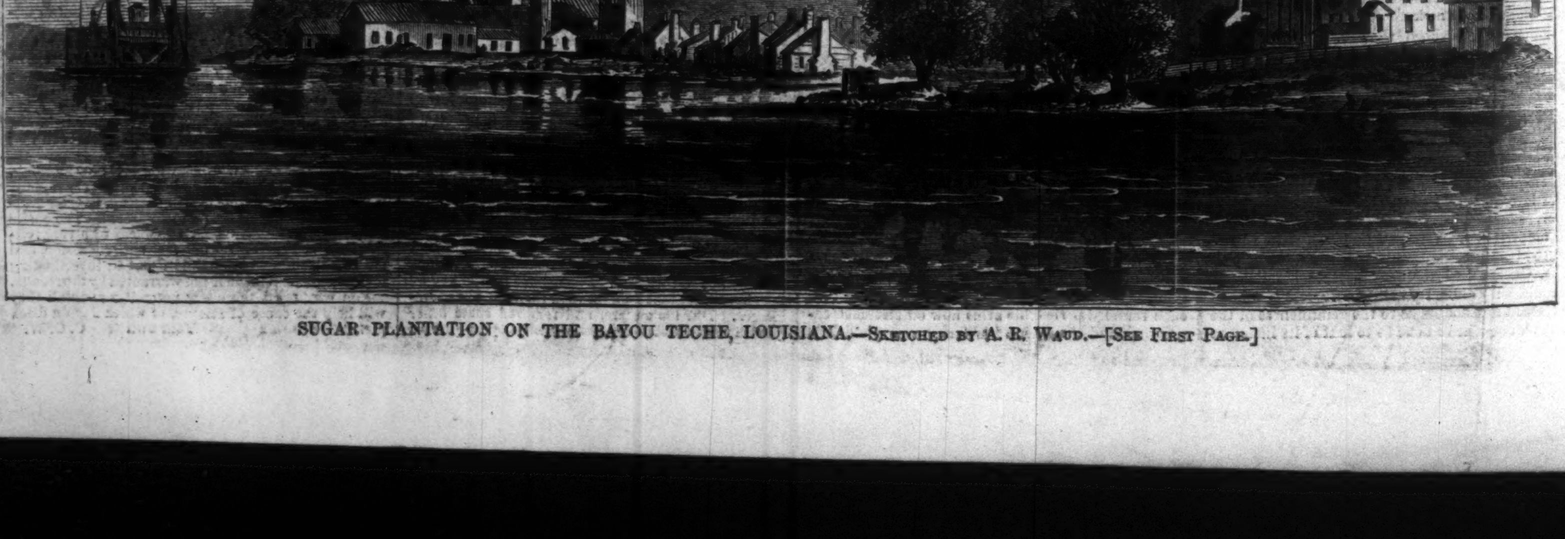
In deepest grief his mourning friends buried him there upon the field where he fell, with this inscription upon the head-board of his grave:

"POOR JACK!
He sleeps his last sleep:
He has fought his last battle!"

"ON THE TIP TOE OF EXPECTATION."

"ON THE TIP-TOE OF EXPECTATION."

WHAT need to scribble admiration of this charmingly-natural little picture? If, perchance, some misanthropic old bachelor or miserable old spinster, looking at it, should sneer at its puerility—should proclaim all children to be but greedy little animals, well, what then? Why, there is no household into which this Number will penetrate where our little lady will not find warmest partisans.—You, Sir Bachelor, may have a selfish appetite for the favorite port which dessert brings, though even that may pall upon you; but probably gout would prevent your standing on tip-toe, even could you have so eager expectations of any kind. And you, Miss, perhaps have little zest or hope in life beyond tea and scandal. It is a tiresome and mischievous irregularity, you say in concert, to admit children from the nursery to dessert. But again we appeal for justification to mater and pater familias, and with them claim indulgence for, at all events, an only child—as, mark you, this pretty little toddler appears to be. For our part, though we might sigh at remembrance of the days when jam-puffs and hardbake were a luxury to the sense and a snare to the imagination, we trust we could still derive from sympathy with the hearty enjoyment of such a *gourmet* and the innocent prattle of such a guest a new relish for the wine we sipped, or the fruit and even tipsy-cake we might rashly venture upon sharing with our infantine friend.



SUGAR PLANTATION ON THE BAYOU TECHE, LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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Cod-liver oil with quinine,	Norwegian tar,
Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,	And all other nauseous medicines.

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[*From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

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The story, as a whole, is a mingling of romance and reality such as must enchain the attention of all classes, whatever their peculiar views may be. It is full of the most absorbing interest from the beginning to the end. Acts of heroism, hair-breadth escapes, deeds of daring, and inimitable pen-portraits of character follow each other so rapidly that the reader has scarcely breathing time to jump from one to the other. We read in the pages of pure romance of the exploits of Cooper's "Harvey Birch" and other fictitious characters, and are fairly carried away by them. But what must be the effect when we know that the hero of whom we are reading once had on the "dark and bloody ground" "a local habitation and a name"—that he was a *real character*, and that what is set down concerning him is true? Every body must be deeply interested in this great story, and it is only necessary to say in conclusion that

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Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound.*

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When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

Westfield, Tioga Co., Pa., *Nov.* 15, 1866.

Great American Tea Company,
31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, New York:*

Gents,—Your bill of teas that I ordered a short time ago came directly to hand, and it gave general satisfaction with our neighbors, and I tender you my thanks by sending for another bill. Please send the inclosed Club Order as before, and collect on delivery.

Yours truly, S. A. Buck.

2 lbs. Young Hyson	H. Buck	at	$1 25	$2 50
1 lb. Imperial	H. Buck	at	1 25	1 25
3 lbs. Japan	H. W. Wheaton	at	1 25	3 75
1 lb. Imperial	C. Bliss	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	C. Bliss	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Uncolored Japan	D. B. Closson	at	1 25	1 25
8 lbs. Uncolored Japan	G. Hulburt	at	1 25	10 00
2 lbs. Young Hyson	J. L. Calkins	at	1 25	2 20
5 lbs. Coffee	J. L. Calkins	at	30	1 50
4 lbs. Young Hyson	D. Weeks	at	1 25	5 00
2 lbs. Young Hyson	P. Bush	at	1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Imperial	P. Bush	at	1 25	2 50
1 lb. Gunpowder	P. Bush	at	1 25	1 25
4 lbs. Imperial	C. Gilbert	at	1 25	5 00
2 lbs. Gunpowder	L. Maning	at	1 25	2 50
4 lbs. Young Hyson	S. Metcalf	at	1 25	5 00
2 lbs. Imperial	J. Metcalf	at	1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Imperial	C. H. Metcalf	at	1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Imperial	S. A. Buck	at	1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Gunpowder	S. A. Buck	at	1 25	2 50
1 lb. Oolong	S. A. Buck	at	1 00	1 00
Total				$60 50

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church.

Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos.* 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

Demorest's Young America's

ALPHA-BETICAL CONSTITUTION.

Always Beautiful Combinations, Delineating Engravings, Funny Games, Historical Incidents, Joyous Knowledge, Literature, Music, Novelties, Original Poems, Queries, Riddles, Stories, Teaching Usefulness, Virtuous Wit, Xuberant, Youthful, Zealous, &c.

December Number of Demorest's Young America, with splendid Christmas Novelties, Christmas Engravings, Christmas Stories, Christmas Toys, and other beautiful and entertaining things for the Boys and Girls, including Music of Jolly Old Santa Claus. Single copies, 15c., mailed free; yearly, $1 50, with a Microscope as a premium. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, No. 473 Broadway, New York.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

A certain cure for Piles, Burns, Corns, Bunions, Chilblains, Old Sores, and all Skin Diseases.

Sold every where. Sent by mail, 35 cts. H. DALLEY, 49 Cedar St., N.Y

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

ESTABLISHED 1860.

100,000 Watches, Dress Patterns, Bal. Skirts, Jewelry, Silverware, Dry Goods, &c., &c.,

WORTH $500,000.

ALL TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH, WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE.

Splendid List of Articles.

	Each.
1000 Gold and Silver hunting cased Watches.	$18 to 115
2000 Dress Patterns and Balmoral Skirts	14 to 60
2000 Revolving Castors and Butter-Dishes	15 to 25
10000 Tea, Tab., & Des. Sp'ns & F'ks (℔ doz.)	12 to 24
6000 Napkin-Rings & Butter-Knives (℔ pair)	6 to 10
4000 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 to 10
15000 California-Diamond Rings and Pins	5 to 10
60000 other articles enumerated on circular	4 to 10

Certificates of all the various articles, stating wha each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed, and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; 11 for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10, and 100 for $15.

We publish below an extract from one of our numerous complimentary letters, with a view of inspiring confidence in the minds of those who may have been deceived by some of the impostors who imitate our business:

"Fort Lyon, *October* 8, 1866.

"J. H. Winslow & Co.: *Gents,*—There have been quite a number of men sending for Jewelry, &c., from this place to New York and other places; and, so far, have only found J. H. Winslow & Co. honest and truthful in that business. Every thing that has been sent for has come at the proper time, and was just what it was represented to be. There has been no article sent that could have been bought for less than double the money it cost.

"I am, Sirs, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"A. J. Thatch, Co. K, 5th U. S. Vol. Infantry."

J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. Adams Press Company, 26 Ann St., New York, and 35 Lincoln St., Boston.

ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send 25 cts. for a certificate, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and to those who desire it we will send our terms to agents.

New York, *October*, 1866.

"FLYING BIRD,"

Characteristic piano piece by Jasienski.........50c.
L'Africane Waltzes, by Godfrey.........50c.
Nine Pins Quadrille, with figures.........50c.
I have Heard Sweet Music...violin, 15c.; piano, 30c.
Nellie's Gone Forever......violin, 15c.; piano, 30c.

Mailed postpaid. FRED'K BLUME,
208 Bowery, N. Y.

IMPORTANT!

F. P. PERKINS & BROTHER, 727 Broadway, New York,

Are Sole Agents for the celebrated

"DUCHESSE KID GLOVES,"

Equal to the "Alexandre," and sent by mail to any part of the United States at $1 25 per pair. Also the genuine brands of "JOUVIN," "BAJOU," and "ANGELE"

KID GLOVES.

AGENTS WANTED

To sell Brown's Glass Cleaning Polish. Sells every where, city and country. Large profits to Agents. Particulars sent free. C. M. Brown, 74 Bleecker St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

Very liberal terms offered to sell stationery goods and watches. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman Street.

SEAMANSHIP.

For the use of the United States Naval Academy. By S. B. Luce, U.S.N. 1 vol., 8vo, Half Morocco, $10 00. D. VAN NOSTRAND, 192 Broadway, N. Y.

A GOOD AND AMUSING TRICK.

The Disappearing Picture. Price 25c. Ag'ts supplied, $2 per doz. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER, 1866.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

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The Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

Terms to Advertisers.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May 13, 1862; Improvement patented June 9, 1863.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, is NOISELESS in operation, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD OF ALL KINDS with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have USED it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing.—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE COMPANY'S HIGHEST PREMIUM

WONDERFUL SIMPLICITY.

UNEQUALED CAPACITY.

Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines.

Incomparably the best for Family Use.
No. 543 Broadway, New York.

THEIR SUPERIORITY VINDICATED BY THE HIGHEST AUTHORITIES.

GOLD MEDAL. FAIR MARYLAND INSTITUTE, 1866.

ALL THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS AT THE MARYLAND INSTITUTE, NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA STATE FAIRS IN 1866, given on Sewing Machines, except one given to a Manufacturing Machine at the New York Fair,

WERE AWARDED

After a most severe and impartial test, TO THE ELLIPTIC LOCK STITCH MACHINE, *as follows:*

At the MARYLAND INSTITUTE FAIR, as the
"BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,"
And at the NEW YORK STATE FAIR as the
"BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,"
"BEST DOUBLE THREAD SEWING MACHINE,"
(*These two completely covering all the ground*),
And for the
"BEST SAMPLE OF SEWING MACHINE WORK,"

As can be seen by the following comprehensive and conclusive report of the committee of practical and experienced mechanical experts appointed by the State Board to investigate into the *merits* of the different Sewing Machines:

"We, the Committee on Sewing Machines, after a careful and thorough investigation into the respective merits of the various machines submitted for examination, find the *Elliptic Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine* to be *superior to all others* in the following points, namely:

"Simplicity and Thoroughness of Mechanical Construction.
"Ease of Operation and Management.
"Noiselessness and Rapidity of Movement.
"Beauty, Strength, and Elasticity of Stitch.
"Variety and Perfection of Attachments, and Range of Work.
"Compactness and Beauty of Model and Finish.
"Adaptation to material of any thickness by an Adjustable Feed Bar, and in the Unequaled Precision with which it executes the Lock-Stitch, by means of the Elliptic Hook, and we therefore award it the *First Premium* as the

BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,

And also for the above reasons the *First Premium* as the

BEST DOUBLE THREAD SEWING MACHINE.

"C. E. PETERS,
"HECTOR MOFFAT, } Committee."

The above report fully accords with the almost unanimous opinion of the best *impartial* judges and Sewing Machine experts, as well as of all others who have used this unrivaled machine, which is incomparably the most *simple* in *construction*; the most *efficient* in *operation*; the most *easy, rapid,* and *noiseless of movement;* the most *economical* and *durable in use;* and the *most complete in the variety and perfection of its attachments for every kind of work,* and therefore infinitely the *most perfect Family Sewing Machine,* for which purpose its superiority is preëminent and unquestioned.

Machines (*which are warranted for two years*) forwarded to any part of the world, with printed instructions (which will enable any one to operate them without the slightest difficulty) for use, on receipt of the price in current funds or by draft; or they may be sent, payment to be collected on delivery, on receipt of satisfactory assurance that it will then be made; and all orders from a distance will be as faithfully filled as if a personal visit and selection had been made.

Liberal Arrangements made with parties of energy, good standing, and capital, who may wish to engage in the sale of these machines, as agents, in such territory as yet remains unoccupied; for further information in regard to which, and for private circular, address ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, No. 543 Broadway, New York.

PERRY'S FAMILY OINTMENT.

The greatest medical Discovery ever offered; sells faster, and cures all cases of Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Sores, Gathered Breasts, Piles, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Corns, &c. Every body should get it. Price 25 cents. Liberal terms to Agents, Druggists, and Country Dealers. Depot, 157 Chatham Street, New York.

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100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for 25c.; 50 Photographs of Rebel Officers for 25c.; 100 Photographs of Female Beauties for 25c.; 100 Actors for 25c. Address C. SEYMOUR, Holland, N. Y.

HOG CHOLERA CURED

And Prevented on the receipt of $2. Address Dr. R. WELLS, Mount Olivet, Kentucky.

1000 AGENTS WANTED.—THE BEST CHANCE YET. A work of Historical value and National importance. The only work on our Navy yet in the field. Agents find no competition. In Press,

FARRAGUT

AND OUR

NAVAL COMMANDERS.

By Hon. J. T. HEADLEY,

The Distinguished Author and Historian.

In one handsome volume, with 22 splendid Steel Portraits and Battle Scenes. Sold only by Agents. Send at once for the outfit, and commence the canvass. Address

E. B. TREAT & CO., Publishers,
654 Broadway, New York.

REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES;

THE DESTITUTE AND ORPHAN CHILDREN OF OUR

COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR

AND

PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

This HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 120; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones *denied*, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.
Mrs. CHAS. P. DALY, Acting President.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. FREMONT, 1st Vice-President.
Mrs. ROBERT FORSTER, 2d Vice-President.
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Mrs. C. MAILLER.
Mrs. WM. MAILLER.
Mrs. HENRY BATJER.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.
Brigadier-General RUSH C. HAWKINS.
Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES F. HALL.
Judge Chas. P. Daly, Ch'n of Committee.
JNO. H. WHITE.
G. P. B. HOYT.
J. H. PULESTON.

The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:—Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. THEODORE THOMAS."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1 corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,500
3 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $200	3,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $125	1,875
1 Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
20 Silver-plated Tea Sets, @ $75	1,500
100 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	7,500
1000 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War	7,000
250 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $6	1,500
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $5	2,500
1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, @ $3	3,000
The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lossing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and those of other Eminent Authors, Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,225
Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$100,000

THEODORE THOMAS, Esq.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Druggists, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Soldiers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on recept of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter at our risk,* with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	43 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
30 Tickets to one address	26 25		

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to
N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,
616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, 616 Broadway, New York.

CONSTITUTION

LIFE SYRUP

COMPOSED OF

IODIDE POTASSIUM,

With the Compound Concentrated Fluid Extract of Valuable Medicinal Roots and Herbs.

PREPARED BY

WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,

Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, formerly Assistant Physician in the Blackwell's Island Hospitals, late Medical Inspector of the New York State Volunteer Depots, under Governor Edwin D. Morgan.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

HAS PRODUCED

A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.

What may seem almost incredible is that many diseases hitherto considered hopelessly incurable are frequently cured in a few days or weeks; and we cheerfully invite the investigations of the liberal minded and scientific to cures which have no parallel at the present day.

During the past five years we have contended with obstacles, and overcome opposition, as herculean as were ever encountered by any reformers.

RAPIDITY O CURE.

Some say, "Your cures are too quick," while others doubt their permanence, and think that diseases can only be cured by the "slow, recuperative process of Nature."

This is our reply: "In health, the body, like a well-balanced scale, is in a state of Equilibrium. But when, from any cause, down goes one side of the scale, we have the effects of disease. What is requisite is to restore the normal balance of the scale.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Is a positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD and for all (hereditary) diseases transmitted from parent to child.

PARALYSIS.

It is so universally admitted that CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP is the only effective means of restoration in the various forms of Paralysis, that we need not reiterate that it is emphatically the great life-giving power.

DYSPEPSIA.

Indigestion, Weight at Stomach, Flatulence, Liver Complaint, Want of Appetite, Bad Breath, Constipation, Biliousness.

SCROFULA.

Struma, King's Evil, Glandular Swellings, Erysipelas, Ulceration, Salt Rheum.

This taint (hereditary and acquired), filling life with untold misery, is, by all usual medical remedies, incurable.

RHEUMATISM.

[Arthritis], Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Gout, Tic Douloureux.

If there is any disease in which the CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP is a sovereign, it is in Rheumatism and its kindred affections. The most intense pains are almost instantly alleviated—enormous swellings are reduced. Cases, chronic or vicarious, of twenty or thirty years' standing, have been cured by us.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Purges the system entirely from all the evil effects of mercury, removing the bad breath and curing the weak joints and rheumatic pains which the use of calomel is sure to produce. It hardens spongy gums, and secures the teeth as firmly as ever.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Eradicates, root and branch, all eruptive diseases of the skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

And all other difficulties of this kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

FOR ALL FORMS OF ULCERATIVE DISEASES,

Either of the nose, throat, tongue, spine, forehead, or scalp, no remedy has ever proved its equal.

Moth patches upon the female face, depending upon a diseased action of the liver, are very unpleasant to the young wife and mother. A few bottles of Constitution Life Syrup will correct the secretion and remove the deposit, which is directly under the skin.

Diseases of the liver, giving rise to languor, dizziness, indigestion, weak stomach, or an ulcerated or cancerous condition of that organ, accompanied with burning or other unpleasant symptoms, will be relieved by the use of

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP.

As a general blood-purifying agent, the Life Syrup stands unrivaled by any preparation in the world.

THE RICH AND POOR

Are liable to the same diseases. Nature and science have made the Constitution Life Syrup for the benefit of all.

PURE BLOOD

Produces healthy men and women: and if the Constitution is neglected in youth, disease and early death is the result. Do not delay when the means are so near at hand, and within the reach of all.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Is the poor man's friend and the rich man's blessing.

BUY IT, TAKE IT, AND BE CURED.

WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,
Sole Proprietor,
New York.

SOLD BY EVERY DEALER IN MEDICINE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

MORGAN & ALLEN,
Wholesale Druggists, Agents,
No. 46 Cliff Street, New York.

SOLD WHOLESALE BY

JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY, & COWDEN, Philadelphia, Pa.
GEORGE C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, Mass.
FULLER, FINCH & FULLER, Chicago, Ill.
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio.
COLLINS, BROTHERS, St. Louis, Mo.